McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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REGULAR TERM CRIMINAL COURT.

A Number of Cases of Interest Were Tried This Week.

JOHN KREBOY WAS FOUND GUILTY.

End of the Larrabee Assault Case—Several Cases Continued—General Court News.

The last term of criminal court for the year 1904 convened at 2 p. m. Monday with Judge Bonton on the bench.

Geo. W. Bovaird of Bradford was appointed foreman of the grand jury. There were twenty-four cases on the docket for trial. These consisted of three cases of assault with intent to kill, four for selling liquor without a license, three for larceny, four for assault and battery, and a variety of surety of the peace, malicious mischief, burglary, bogging, wife desertion and carrying concealed weapons. After the retirement of the grand jury the county constables made their returns.

The following cases were continued: Commonwealth vs the P., S. & N. R. R. Co., charged with maintaining a nuisance by permitting mud and water to accumulate at their crossing near Marvindale. Commonwealth vs. Allen Utt, malicious mischief. Commonwealth vs. John Carlson, assault and battery.

Twelve natives of Italy and one of Sweden, were sworn in as American citizens.

When court opened Tuesday morning a bunch of prisoners was brought into court to plead guilty to the charges which were made against them. Bert Evans of Port Allegany, charged with furnishing liquor to Jared Button, a man of known intemperate habits, was fined $50 and costs and sentenced to 30 days in jail. Sam Kirk of Bradford, pleaded guilty to the larceny of a turkey from McIntyre & Taylor, butchers. Oscar Avery pleaded guilty to breaking into the house of J. O. White in Liberty township and stealing a suit of clothes, and sentenced to the State reform school. James Martin, Frank Kirk, Loyd Berry and James Taylor, tramps, arrested on complaint of Detective Conover of the Pennsylvania railroad, who believed they were a gang of burglars. The men were fined $100 and costs each and sentenced to two months in the county jail. John Obrien and James Collins, who were rounded up at the same time, pleaded not guilty to the charge of carrying concealed weapons, but were tried and found guilty and were sentenced to 6 months each in the county jail.

The attorney for The Electic Assembly petitioned the court that the name be changed to The Earnest Americans.

Probably the most interesting case on the list this week was that of Commonwealth vs. John Kreboy, charged with assault with attempt to kill. Kreboy murderously assaulted a young woman, Mrs. Marie Bunk. This was the case that bore resemblance to "Black Hand" outrages and created a great stir at the time of the commission of the crime. Kreboy, who was unknown to the woman, met her at Larrabee while on her way to Clermont, and as there was no train until morning the defendant volunteered to secure a room in a hotel which is near the depot. This was done and he registered as John Kreboy and wife. In the morning they strolled about in the vicinity of the hotel and in the afternoon the defendant asked Mrs. Bunk to accompany him to an Italian shanty which was located about a mile from the depot. She went with him as far as a railroad cut which was about three quarters of a mile up the road and declined to proceed any further, whereupon the defendant drew what she thinks was a razor and slashed her cheek open from the ear to the mouth, and also the back of her neck near the base of the brain, for about five inches, and deep enough to reach the skull. He exclaimed while so doing: "This is a compliment from your lover!" Kreboy fled and was captured afterwards on a freight train near Olean. The victim was found by persons driving along the road and conveyed to the hotel. She was subsequently removed to the county home, where she has since remained. The services of an interpreter were used in this case as neither the defendant or the woman can speak English. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and he was sentenced to serve six years and nine months in the Western Penitentiary at Allegheny.

John Perre of Kane pleaded guilty to a charge of selling liquor without a license, and was sentenced to pay a fine of $800, costs of prosecution and serve three months in the county jail.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Harry Griffith of Port Allegany, charged with larceny the verdict was not guilty.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Mike Lesnock, the prosecutor failed to appear and the grand jury returned not a true bill. This was the Mt. Alton "tragedy," wherein the above named Mike in the role of an enraged husband emptied a load of shot into the person of his wife's paramour, Mike Rich.

William Mega, a tramp, pleaded guilty of begging in Smethport, and was sentenced to pay costs of prosecution and undergo three months imprisonment in the county jail.

Verdicts of guilty were rendered in the cases of the Commonwealth vs. Dan Gorman and Maggie Spencer, of Bradford, charged with selling liquor without a license, and Commonwealth vs. E. O'Neill and Maggie O'Neill of Bradford, same charge.

In the case of Raffaelo Guilsippi, assault and battery with intent to kill, Francisco Cosoleto, the prosecutor, alleged that on Oct. 2, 1904, while in a lumber camp near West Line, a quarrel arose among some Italians and the defendant fired a shot from a revolver at him. The defendant contended that he had a quarrel with some cousins of the prosecutor and that he fired the revolver to frighten them. Cosoleto testified that the bullet passed his head and entered the wall of the shanty. The verdict was guilty and he was sentenced to four years and six months in the Western Penitentiary.

The grand jury on completing its work submitted to court the following presentment:

To the Honorable Joseph W. Bonton, president judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean county. The Grand Jury begs leave to submit the following report:

We have examined the county poor house, interrogated several of the inmates and find the institution to be in good order and the inmates to be well housed and cared for. We would recommend, however, that an adequate water supply for fire protection be installed. The county jail was found to be in good condition except that the men's apartments in the jail should be painted.

The Grand Jury particularly desire at this time to emphasize the necessity of employing a competent person as county detective, whose duty it should be to apprehend and prosecute criminals in order that the peace and good order of the community be preserved.

We recommend the following changes in the Court House so that valuable records may not be exposed to danger of fire, viz: That the office of the Register of Wills be moved to the room now occupied by the County Treasurer, and that the vault and office be fitted up with metallic filing cases and furniture. That the office of the County Treasurer be moved to the office now occupied by the sheriff and that the same be fitted up with the proper metallic furniture and filing cases, also a safe. That the office of the sheriff be moved to the room now occupied by the Register of Wills. That the vault in the Prothonotary's office be completely furnished with metallic filing cases, to take the place of the present wooden cases. Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE W. BOVAIRD,
Foreman of the Grand Jury.

Russia's Troubles.

The Japs have been steadily closing in on Port Arthur for the past week and the prospects for Russian relief in that quarter grow less daily.

To make matters worse the Russian government is threatened with a revolution at home as will be seen by a St. Petersburg dispatch dated Dec. 14, which says: A fierce and fatal fight between police and 18 revolutionary conspirators has occurred at Odessa. On Monday the police were informed that a secret revolutionary meeting was in progress in a house in Bolgarskaja street in Odessa. Officers surrounded the house and attempted to enter. The conspirators, led by a girl student 19 years of age, barricaded the house and resisted the officers. The girl leader, from the upper window, opened fire upon the police and shot a police lieutenant. The siege lasted forty-eight hours, ending in a hard fought, hand to hand encounter. Seven of the conspirators were killed, including the girl leader, and eleven were wounded. Two policemen were killed and nine wounded.

Formerly Lived Here.

It has been the opinion of several of our older residents that Dr. L. S. Chadwick, husband of Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, who has recently become so prominent on account of her success in borrowing money on bogus securities, formerly lived in Smethport and the following from the Bradford Era makes it certain:

"I remember Dr. Leroy Shippen Chadwick quite well," said Lin Chadwick, the well known printer of this city, yesterday. "Dr. Chadwick's father and my father were brothers. He studied medicine for a time in the office of Dr. Freeman, the noted Smethport physician, who died some years ago. Even as a medical student Leroy was recognized as a bright, talented chap, and he became a successful practioner. His home was in Venango county before he had so much fame thrust upon him."

Diamonds
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

Death of Maurice Hall.

It was with a feeling of saddened surprise that the community received the news of the death of Maurice Hall, which occurred at 11 o'clock Saturday, Dec. 10, 1904. Although it was generally known that he was suffering with typhoid fever the public was not aware that his condition was critical.

Mr. Hall was a life long resident of Smethport and vicinity and was an industrious and esteemed citizen. For the past several years he has held the position of assistant manager and time keeper at the Smethport Window Glass factory.

He was a regular attendant at the Baptist church and almost his last words were that he consecrated his soul to God and died happily and content—a Christian's death.

Maurice Hall was born in East Smethport Sept. 8, 1880. On Dec. 20, 1881, he was married to Miss Verna Victoria Cullen of Ward, N. Y. The fruits of this union were four children, two of whom, Misses Bessie and Hattie, survive their mother and father. Mrs. Verna Hall died July 16, 1900. On Dec. 24, 1901, Mr. Hall was united in marriage to Mrs. Nellie Camp Madison, who survives to mourn his loss. Aside from those mentioned he leaves a father, Ira Hall; two brothers, Burdette and Clarence, and a step-daughter, little Miss Ruth Madison.

Impressive funeral services were held at the Baptist church Tuesday afternoon, Rev. P. S. Calvin officiating. A large concourse of mourning friends followed the remains to their final resting place in Rose Hill cemetery. Mr. Hall was a member of the K. O. T. M. and I. O. O. F. and these orders together with the Glassworkers' organizations followed the remains to the grave, where the solemn burial service of the Odd Fellows was rendered.

Death of Jerome Goodrich.

Jerome Goodrich, who has been a resident of McKean county for the past thirty years, died at the temporary residence of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Rowlee in Smethport Saturday night, Dec. 10, 1904, after a long illness, a general breaking down of the system being responsible for his demise.

Mr. Goodrich was of a genial disposition and made friends on every hand. He was an interesting and fluent talker, well versed on the topics of the times, and many of his pointed comments on matters of public interest will remain long in the memory of his many friends. He had seen this section of Pennsylvania grow from a pathless forest into its present populous and industrious prominence and his stories of the "early days" never failed to attract a circle of attentive listeners. Mr. Goodrich was one of the last of the real pioneers of this section.

Jerome Goodrich was born in Madison county, N. Y., June 27, 1821. He came to this state in 1835 and lived in Coudersport. He was married Oct. 27, 1844, to Miss Ann Eliza Earl of Coudersport. They resided in Potter county until 1859, when the family moved to Emporium, and made that their home for about 16 years, when they came to McKean county. Mrs. Goodrich died in February, 1885.

Six children are left to mourn the loss of a father: Mrs. Sherwood Rightmyer, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Rowlee, Punxsutawney; Mrs. O. T. Chase, East Smethport; Mrs. James McGuier, Smethport; Chas. B. Goodrich, Lyons, N. Y., and Miss Lula Goodrich, Batavia, N. Y.

After funeral services at the house Tuesday the remains were taken to Coudersport where they will be laid at rest beside his wife in St. Eulalia cemetery.

Death of Miss Lane.

Miss Joanna Lane died at the home of her sister, Mrs. John O. Dodge, on the Pleasant Valley Dairy farm, about two miles east of this borough, at 7 o'clock Sunday evening, after a lingering illness of Brights disease. She was aged about 62 years.

Miss Lane was born in Maine and in 1886 came to this county with the Dodge family, who spent a number of years lumbering near Smethport before locating on their present farm. She was a woman of most excellent character and disposition and made many firm friends who will deeply regret her demise.

The funeral services were held at the house at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning Rev. J. Heber McCandless officiating and the remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

While Sleighing is With Us.

Don't forget that E. T. Daly has a first-class line of cutters and sleighs and a few of the celebrated Waterloo cutters which he will sell at reasonable prices. Also ten sets of Michigan lumber sleighs at $40 per set, cash.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

Cut Glass
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

On Tuesday night, February 20, 1877, the village of Port Allegany was made the scene of a bold and daring burglary. The parties who perpetrated the deed are well known in this section, and have not in the past been altogether free from crime. Their names are given as Darling and Jackson. They forced open the doors of the postoffice with some kind of an iron instrument and entered it, abstracting from the money drawer some $20 in cash and about $18 worth of two and three cent postage stamps. In connection with the postoffice is a jewelry store, and after securing all the valuables in the shape of cash and stamps, they proceeded to load themselves down with jewelry, which they did to the tune of about $60. Yesterday morning suspicion was aroused that the above named nocturnal prowlers were the guilty parties, when a search warrant was sworn out against them and the place of residence of each of them searched. The warrant did a good work for justice, as it brought to light many articles which had been stolen, and implicated the persons in crime of which people had a just suspicion, but no positive proof. A bundle of files, stolen from the depot; a pair of new boots taken from a shoe shop, and two new vests and other articles, were the result of the search. No jewelry, however, was found, but strong suspicion is against them as committing the robbery of the postoffice. The two men were taken into custody by the deputy sheriff yesterday, and lodged behind the iron bars of the jail to answer for the crime of larceny and burglary at the next term of court.

March 13, 1877.—Married at Carpenter Creek, Eldred, Pa., on the 10th inst., by the Rev. A. W. Merville, Wm. Simpson to Mehitable Newland. The bride is nearly 70 years of age, and this is her fourth venture in the matrimonial market.

We have the pleasure of announcing this Thursday morning (March 8, 1877) the organization of a new business firm in this borough. Mr. William Haskill and Warley Gifford have bought of Mr. H. Hamlin his entire stock of goods together with the building, etc. The firm will be known as Haskill and Gifford.

Chadwick.—At her residence in Smethport Tuesday, March 6, 1877, Mrs. Olivia J. Chadwick, wife of John R. Chadwick, aged 50 years, 6 months and 23 days.

Mrs. Chadwick was born in Onondaga county, N. Y., and came to this county with her parents at the age of four years. Her father, Pardon Wright, Sr., was one of the early pioneers of this section, and died a number of years ago from exposure to the cold while going from this place to Port Allegany. Two brothers and one sister survive her. She also leaves two sons and one daughter to bear one of the deepest afflictions of life—the loss of a faithful, loving mother. As a wife and a mother she has performed her whole duty faithfully and devotedly for many years. Within a naturally tender constitution and slight frame she had a large, loving heart, high ambition and strong will. She considered no sacrifice too great for the welfare of her children and friends, and thus it is no wonder that the family were nearly heartbroken at her loss. They have the consolation that she is now receiving the reward of a life of self sacrifice and devotion to duty in eternal rest and peace.

Those who pay taxes in McKean county will be interested to learn that they have barely escaped the necessity of paying for a new court house, for which narrow escape they can thank the vigilance and labors of the citizens of Smethport. Sunday afternoon, Mar. 18, 1877, the stillness of our quiet borough was startled by the ominous cry of fire. In a twinkling the streets were swarming with people running in the direction of the court house, from the upper windows of which volumes of smoke were pouring forth. The fire originated in the northeast end of the building, in the room occupied by the Episcopal society as a chapel. It was first discovered by the wife of Witherop, one of the prisoners in the jail, when one of the window frames was all in a blaze. The sheriff and deputy were first on the ground, but were almost immediately reinforced by our entire male population with a fair sprinkling of the other sex, and all armed with a pail of water. The fire caught near the floor and had communicated to the woodwork around the window, and as the smoke was very dense it was difficult to work effectually for some time, and it was feared that it was beyond control. But an hour of hard work, with the judicious use of axes, a Babcock engine and a little hand pump, resulted in subduing the flames, and the court house still stands as a sacred monument of primeval architecture—decrepid and tottering. The cause or origin of the fire is somewhat of a mystery. It started in the vicinity of the oil can and lamps. Some of those first on the ground assert that a lamp was burning when they got there, from which the curtain took fire. This is the most reasonable conjecture, but why should a lamp be burning at that time of day? It is fortunate that it is no worse and there are several useful lessons to be learned by the occurrence which are too apparent to need mention here.

Supreme Court Decisions.

That no debt created by fraud can be discharged by proceedings in bankruptcy was decided in the case of Spencer S. Bullis against James R. O'Beirne, on behalf of the Central Trust company and others. The case has been pending in the state of New York for some time and involved a transaction of about $350,000, which Bullis was accused of securing by a pretence of mortgaging 30,000 acres of timber land in New York and Pennsylvania, when in reality the mortgage covered untimbered lands. He afterwards sought relief from the payment of this obligation under the bankruptcy law. The supreme court of New York refused this privilege on the ground that the transaction was fraudulent and to-day's opinion affirmed that decision. The opinion was delivered by Justice Day.

Smashed a Finger.

Clint Hall, who is employed as brakeman on the P., S. & N. railroad, met with a painful accident last Thursday night. While engaged in loading a tool chest on a baggage truck at the Mt. Jewett station the chest slipped from his hand and in falling struck the third finger of his left hand, crushing it against the truck. The finger was broken and badly bruised. The injury will incapacitate Mr. Hall for some weeks. Clint was one of the crew on the run-away freight train, which rounded the loop-de-loop at the rate of 60 miles an hours last April. He escaped from that terrible ride with a badly sprained ankle and was unable to work for several months.

McVean-Sawyer Nuptials.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Luke's church yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock, when Rev. J. Heber McCandless pronounced the words that united Mr. Chas. H. McVean and Miss Mary L. Sawyer. The groom is a popular young man, holding the position of Adams Express Co.'s agent for Smethport and the bride is the charming daughter of Mr. Harley Sawyer of Marvin creek. Mr. and Mrs McVean departed for a week's visit at Mr. McVean's former home near Rochester, N. Y. The MINER joins with a host of friends in extending congratulations and best wishes.

A Beautiful Calender.

A new Resinol Art Calender for 1905 is one of the most beautiful calendars ever issued. Six sheets of heavy enameled paper contain on one side six beautiful color designs of babies and children, while on the reverse side are drawings depicting child life, with spaces for the notation of baby's "sayings and doings." It is a work of art that will delight a mother's heart. Sent postpaid by the Resinol Chemical Company of Baltimore, Md., for two wrappers from Resinol Soap, or one wrapper and 15 cents; or for 40 cents a calendar and a cake of Resinol Soap will be sent.

Arrest of Ned Ryan.

Attorney E. L. Ryan of Kane was arrested near Clermont Saturday night by Policeman Mike Welsh of Smethport. Mr. Ryan was charged with removing some goods from his office at Kane after the goods had been attached on an execution by the sheriff. The goods have been located at Olean. The defendant was brought to Smethport and on Monday morning waived a hearing before Justice B. L. Knapp and was placed under $500 bail, which was furnished. The case was continued until the next regular term of court.

Wanted.

A number of good work teams to draw chemical wood for the Hazelton Estate, Sleighs furnished if wanted. Current prices paid. Inquire of
H. E. Linquist,
Hazelton Farm, Marvindale, Pa.

Since the discovery of Parker's Lucky Curve Fountain Pen it is astonishing how many we sell for holiday gifts. Every one given a written guarantee. A whole show case full from the cheap to the finest made. Look at them in McCoy's Drug Store.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

I will buy all kinds of junk, rags, old rubbers, old iron, old rope, etc., paying the highest cash prices for same. Call on or address J. OPESSER, at Hackett house, East Street, Smethport, Pa.

American Watches
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

Solid Silver
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

The Bradford Murder Mystery.

Although the police are working hard on the case, there appears to be no clue as yet to the murderer of Anna Barrackman. According to a Bradford paper many people are of the opinion that the perpetrator of the crime was a woman.

Many peculiarties of the woman are being brought to light. A Smethport citizen who visited the house said that there were 10 clocks in the various apartments. He also saw a number of blocks of wood studded with tacks which had been used by the murdered woman in some kind of a mystic ceremony.

The Bradford Herald says: "Those who know her say she was very charitable, and gave much for the assistance of the poor and unfortunate. She was a believer in a certain kind of mysticism, which made her an easy victim for designing persons. Any one with the most absurd story concerning herself and the spirit world could easily get money from her on this account. She was a firm believer in charms, etc., for warding off evil spirits. She feared some one was placing an evil spirit over her. Mrs. Barrackman had received a letter from a Dr. Matthews, a clairvoyant, which stated that she would die before Christmas time. This seemed to effect the mind of Mrs. Barrackman. She placed the letter under her pillow, and kept it there continually. She corresponded with various mediums and clairvoyants around the country, and their letters preserved as treasures. She would arrange the furniture of the rooms in certain positions, and would not allow anyone to distrub them. When she had a headache or a slight sickness of any kind, Mrs. Barrackman would instantly insist that someone had cast a spell over her. She burned incense continuously to ward off evil spirits."

Robbery was not the motive of the crime as her money and jewelry were found intact. The crime has apparently stirred the public out of its apathistical state in regard to mysterious crimes and it is quite probable that a rigid investigation by skilled persons will eventually result, not only in this case but in other cases about the county where the criminal has escaped discovery.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

We stand and stare as we see the glaring headline and our thoughts quickly wander back to the days of yore—days when the gifted authoress, Harriet Beecher Stowe, first favored us with her immortal work. The young, the old, the gray, the careless, all at different times have heard or seen the beautiful play depicted on the stage, or have perused the pages of the book. The heart interest is so intense that a magnetic influence seems to assert itself at times and draw us again within the portals of the playhouse to witness those thrilling scenes of Ante-Bellum days, and we can safely prophesy that its memory and action will linger with us, as it has done with past generations, affording amusement, pleasure, pathos and instruction for old and young alike. A grand and stupendous production of this immortal play will be given by Stetson's Big Double Company at the Smethport Lyceum on Monday evening, Dec. 19. A novel feature that has been added is the marvelous street parade, which will be given on the principle streets at noon. This parade is, without doubt, the largest ever attempted by any attraction playing theatres, and from past critism and press comment, we feel safe in echoing the words of Manager Leon W. Washburn: "It beats a circus."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 10, 1904:

Mrs. E. Briggs, Edd Engilman, Thomas Hartley, Dr. G. J. Reese, Carl D. Rogers, Lloyd St. Clear.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Sleds, Sleds

we now have a large stock of Heavy Bob Sleds of our own make, strongest and most durable sled made, at
Holmes & Gilfillan's

An Ingersoll Dollar Watch, just the thing for that boys Xmas present.
At Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Electric Bronzes.
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

FOR SALE.—Dressed pig pork, weighing from 100 to 175 pounds, for family use. Inquire of D. C. Young.

Sleds and Skates the kind all the little ones are looking for, at
Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Fancy Umbrellas
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth has added a nice assortment of jewelry to his elegant line of Xmas goods.

Fancy Combs
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

One Christmas—And Another

By REBECCA GTTOLENGUI

Copyright, 1902, by Rebecca Gttolengui

ONE cold night in December a carriage stopped before a house in the most select portion of the most exclusive avenue in the city. The footman, enveloped in a rich fur cape, opened the door as a young man with elastic step alighted. Looking back into the carriage, he said: "Wrap your furs well around you, mother. It is bitter cold." Extending his hand, he assisted a handsome woman from the vehicle and carefully helped her over the icy pavement and up the marble steps till safely within the welcome glow of the hall lamp. The warmth of the house, contrasting with the bitter weather outside, sent a smile of appreciation to the face of the young man, and his eyes were bright with some hidden thought as he handed his coat and hat to the waiting butler.

"Come into the back room, Harold," observed the lady. "It is smaller and warmer. I told James to serve supper for us there."

Entering a moment later in the softened light of this charming room, Harold was struck by the wonderful beauty of his mother, then just in the prime of life. She had removed her wraps and stood in the mellow light of the ruby lamps and the glow of the gas logs. Her rich dress of black velvet adorned with lace and diamonds seemed to set off her commanding figure and increase her matronly beauty. She bore the stamp of the aristocrat and a degree of dignity which made it impossible for even her most intimate acquaintances to forget that she was the leader of her set. Glancing up from the gas logs over which she was warming her hands, she caught the look of admiration in the eyes of her son and smiled, thereby illuminating a countenance otherwise a little austere.

"Well, my son," holding out her hand, "have I hypnotized you?"

Harold advanced eagerly and, taking both her hands in his, exclaimed: "You are a queen among women, mother. You are so beautiful tonight! Won't you be kind as you are beautiful and crown my happiness with your consent?"

A look of cold displeasure swept over her face, and Mrs. Chesney slowly withdrew her hands from the clasp of her son. Drawing herself to her full height, she crossed to the opposite side of the room. In a voice almost hard with pride and dignity she said:

"I thought I had made myself clear to you, my son."

The eager face of the supplicant was clouded as he looked at his mother, but with a gentle voice he urged:

"Mother, love knows no such barrier. Aline and I can only be happy as husband and wife. I do not wish to wound you or to marry without your consent."

"That you will never get. No social inferior will ever be welcome as my daughter."

"You have no daughter now, mother. Would you not like one to cheer you in your old age?"

A sudden spasm of pain crossed the face of this cold woman for a moment, rendering it almost haggard in its misery, as she remembered the one passion of her life, her little dead Helen, whose

"I THOUGHT I HAD MADE MYSELF CLEAR TO YOU."

four short years had absorbed the heart of the mother, now deaf to the pleading of her only living child.

Harold Chesney was bitterly grieved at his mother's attitude, but never for a moment did he waver in his loyalty to the woman he loved. He had won the heart of Aline Grant, a young schoolteacher whose ministrations in the church among the poor had won the admiration of many. His mother was narrow in her views of class distinction and was determined in her opposition to this marriage. Seeing that all effort to induce her to sanction the step he meant to take would be useless, he rose as though about to go.

"I am very sorry, mother," he said, "but you leave me no choice. I must fulfill my promise. Tomorrow I marry the woman to whom I am pledged, and I had at least hoped for your blessing."

"Never communicate with me again after you take such a step!" was the passionate retort. "I have no son from that moment."

Just as the sound of the closing door came to the ears of this stern woman midnight chimed from the clock in the hall, and slowly she sank into a chair with a sort of shiver. She had forgotten the day. Simultaneously with the last stroke of 12 the butler entered to close up for the night and respectfully said: "It is Christmas morning, ma'am. May I wish you a happy day?"

"Thank you, James. You may go now. I will put out the light."

Alone, the haughty, seemingly heartless woman dropped her mask and, burying her face in the cushions, gave way to bitter grief. When at last she arose her face was aged as if by years. Stretching her arms toward the portrait of a beautiful child, she cried: "Oh, my little darling, why did you leave me alone? Twenty-four years ago tonight you were taken from me, and now Harold is gone! Christmas is indeed a sad day for me!"

Harold thought he understood and was doubly grieved to leave his mother alone tonight. He knew her nature well enough to be sure she meant what she said, but he was her son in more than name and inherited much of her pride.

Next morning he went to the home of his fiancée with the answer he had promised to bring. As soon as the prospective bride and groom were alone for a moment Aline anxiously inquired:

"Well, dear, did you have any success? Oh, I read my answer in your face! It is still 'No,' I see. Maybe I am wrong to marry you under the circumstances. I have so often asked myself if I have the right to separate mother and son."

Putting his arms about her, Harold fondly replied:

"It is too late now, little one, to question your right. We are not to blame for the position my mother has taken, and, while I very much regret it, I do not let the thought of a change in our plans enter my mind. Every person has the right to settle his future for himself so far as marriage is concerned. If anything but family pride formed the basis of my mother's objection I might consider it, but with that I have no sympathy. To me you are all that is noblest and best in women, and I am proud to know I will soon have the right to call you 'wife.'"

Putting her arms about his neck, she said:

"Some day, dear, we may win her over. She may be lonely then and need our love."

"May God speed the day!" fervently responded Harold. "Heaven bless you for those words, dear. Goodby now for awhile. Tonight I will come to claim my bride."

* * * * * * * *

The published notice of the wedding was read by many who were interested in the stand which would be taken by Mrs. Chesney, as her opposition, though never broached by her, was fully understood among her friends. Harold was a favorite and was missed from society. When invitations from friends came to him they were politely but firmly declined on the plea of business and because of his residing in a small suburb. His necessity for applying himself so closely to business was a surprise to all, as his mother's wealth was great, but even his friends underestimated his manliness. As a discarded son he would suffer any privation before accepting aid from his mother.

Only his closest friends were invited to this little home, and those were enthusiastic in their admiration of his charming wife.

Harold's leaving the city was caused by consideration of his mother's feelings, although motives of economy also influenced him, and, while things were hard at first, he was happy and soon had the trials of a start in life well behind him.

After two years a son came, and it seemed the crowning joy of their life. As the child grew and spread sunshine in their hearts Harold and his wife often yearned to have his mother see the boy. Once he heard she was ill and wrote begging to be allowed to serve her. No response coming, he was convinced that he was still unforgiven. Three years later the birth of a baby girl left the young couple nothing to be desired except the one wish, now scarcely ever mentioned—the hoped for reconciliation with Mrs. Chesney.

This apparently relentless woman lived a lonely life, outwardly cold and proud, but at times something pulled at her heartstrings which she was growing to respect. Her hold on society was slackened, for it was no longer attractive to her. She missed more and more the son who had been her companion everywhere. Her beautiful home was no longer the scene of social gayeties.

* * * * * * * *

Ten years, with their many changes, had rolled around since the night Harold Chesney left his mother's house. Broken in spirit and weak in body, her lonely life seemed to be drawing to a close. Implacable to the last, Mrs. Chesney had often thought of the son whom she had discarded. News had reached her of his many trials and his manly fight in the battle of life. Often she had yearned to help him, but she knew he was too much like her to accept anything at her hands. Surrounded by every luxury that wealth can give and still attended by the old family servants, the saddened woman could not subdue the longing she sometimes felt for some one to love and by whom to be loved. She had long since entirely given up society and gradually secluded herself from the public eye. After a long illness the physicians had declared they could do nothing more.

The maid who had for many years been the faithful companion of Mrs. Chesney understood more than was supposed of existing circumstances. Knowing that the son would succeed to the fortune and suspecting that grief was the main trouble with her mistress, she on her own responsibility notified Harold Chesney of his mother's approaching end. Seated at the bedside of the sinking patient, the servant wondered if her interference would yield good fruit. She was startled from her dream by the rumble of carriage wheels, the sound of a closing door and low voices. The silent form in the bed seemed not aware of anything.

After long years the discarded son stood once more in the home of his boyhood. With him was a dainty child of five years, his only daughter. Engrossed in his sad thoughts, he paid no heed to the little one. A stranger in his own home and longing for a reconciliation with his well beloved mother, he awaited the summons to the sick-room. Upstairs the weak voice of the dying woman suddenly cried out:

"Helen!"

The fast closing eyes were now seeing the lost darling of other days. The maid was frightened, not understanding this last boon so often sent to those near the gates of the other world.

"Helen!" again wailed the sick woman.

Immediately the door of the bedroom was gently pushed open, and the

"SH! GRANDMUDDER IS SLEEP."

startled servant saw a little girl timidly enter. The eager eyes of the sinking woman had also seen, and, with outstretched arms, she cried:

"Oh, Helen, my darling!"

With a joyful cry the unhappy mother folded to her hungry heart the little form, satisfied that this was her long dead baby.

The anxious father at last missed his little Helen and traced her to the now silent chamber. His heart leaped with joy at the sight of his child in his mother's warm embrace. As he drew near the maid roused herself enough to recognize him and to weep over the scene she now understood. She tried to tell him he was too late, that the weary soul was happy at last with its Maker, but Harold would not believe the dreadful statement. Carefully approaching the bed, he leaned over to take the child away, when this little comforter, putting her finger to her lips, whispered: "Sh! Grandmudder is asleep. I will stay till she wakes."

With a sob of bitter grief, Harold gently tried to disengage the arms of his mother, whose smile of peace was like balm to his wound. While he was bending over her Mrs. Chesney slowly opened her eyes, and for a moment not a breath was heard in the room. Looking like one slightly dazed, she let her eyes wander from father to child, and a look of intelligence gradually overspread the wan, worn face. Harold dropped on his knees with a sort of dry sob. "Mother!" as her hand fell upon his head.

"My dear son. Thank God!" faintly whispered the weak woman.

Her eyes closed as he kissed her, and she sank into a sweet sleep, soon followed by the baby, whom she had not allowed to be removed. In breathless anxiety Harold watched all through the early night, and the doctor and nurse tried without avail to make him go to rest. They assured him that the turning point had come and that Mrs. Chesney would recover.

Just before midnight she awoke, refreshed and clear in mind. Touching the little one with her lips, she aroused the child, who, sitting up, said, "Grandmudder, is you better?" Before the answer was given the chimes of midnight were heard.

Extending her hand to her son, Mrs. Chesney kissed little Helen and softly whispered:

"On Christmas I lost all, and on Christmas all has been restored to me."

The Snuff Habit.

"Snuff is dangerous," said a doctor, "because in nine cases out of ten it contains large quantities of cocaine and kindred drugs. It seems queer, too, that, accustomed as we are to giving our cities credit for being the cradles of vice and bad habits, they are neither the birthplace nor the home of what I choose to call the snuff vice. It is mostly in use in country districts, and I have seen some mighty bad results from the use of tobacco in this form."

And the physician continued to cite cases of abject slavery to the use of the black powder, which, he said, was both snuffed and chewed by its devotees. He stated that the worst case of nervous breakdown and general debility which he had ever been called on to cure was that of a young man who had since his early teens been addicted to the use of snuff. Generally the users of tobacco in this form have no idea of the presence of cocaine or opium, which is put in the ground tobacco in order to increase the sale.—Galveston Tribune.

Lost on a Foul.

"Have you a taste for music?" asked Miss Chilbeen of Boston.

"I don't know," replied the millionaire mine owner's daughter from Leadpipe Gulch. "I never tasted any, but I like to hear it played."

That ended it, for Miss Chilbeen was down and out for twenty minutes, though she afterward claimed that she lost on a foul.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Unrecorded History.

Aladdin had just rubbed his wonderful lamp. "Get me at once," he said as his faithful genie appeared, "a breath of fresh air from a New York tenement."

Wondering at his master's imbecility, the genie disappeared forever.—Brooklyn Life.

The Wily Widow.

Widow—Do you know that my daughter has set eyes upon you? Bachelor (flattered)—Has she really? Widow—Certain. Only today she was saying, "That's the sort of a gentle man I should like for my papa."

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

How Marconi Received His First Transatlantic Message.

One cold December day in 1901 Guglielmo Marconi sat still in a room in the government building at Signal hill, St. John's, N. F., with a telephone receiver at his ear and his eye on the clock that ticked loudly near by. Overhead flew his kite bearing his receiving wire. It was 12:30 o'clock on the American side of the ocean, and Marconi had ordered his operator in faroff Poldhu, 2,000 watery miles away, to begin signaling the letter S—three dots of the Morse code, three flashes of the bluish sparks—at that corresponding hour. For six years he had been looking forward to and working for that moment, the final test of all his effort and the beginning of a new triumph. He sat waiting to hear three small sounds, the br-r-r-r of the Morse code S, humming on the diaphragm of his receiver, the signature of the ether waves that had traveled 2,000 miles to his listening ear. As the hands of the clock, whose ticking alone broke the stillness of the room, reached thirty minutes past 12 the receiver at the inventor's ear began to hum, br-r-r-r, as distinctly as the sharp rap of a pencil on a table. The unmistakable note of the ether vibrations sounded in the telephone receiver. The telephone receiver was used instead of the usual recorder on account of its superior sensitiveness.

Transatlantic wireless telegraphy was an accomplished fact.—From "Stories of Inventors," by Russell Doubleday.

THE PORTABLE WATCH.

It Was Probably First Used in the Sixteenth Century.

There is uncertainty as to when the portable watch, as we understand it today, came into use. It was probably at the close of the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth owned a large number of watches. Mary, queen of Scots, was the possessor of a skull shaped watch. In fact, the "death's head" pattern was at that time much in vogue. Endless were the styles, for there were watches shaped like books, pears, butterflies and tulips. The Nuremberg egg was a special shape and was first made in 1690. Those queer shapes of watches prevented their finding a place in the pocket. When was the fob first used in the dress of man? The German of fob is "fuppe," and it is believed that it came from England through the Puritans, "whose dislike for display may have induced them to conceal their timekeepers from the public gaze." This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that a short fob chain attached to a watch of Oliver Cromwell in the British museum is in point of date the first appendage of the kind known. The watch is a small oval one in a silver case and was made about 1625 by John Midnall of Fleet street.

ORIGIN OF PARISHES.

They Were Founded in 668 by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury in 668, is regarded as the founder of the parochial system. Parishes were originally measured by and made to follow the lines of existing townships, a parish being, in short, the township in its ecclesiastical character. Where a township was too small to require or to support a separate church and priest two or more townships were united to form one parish.

In other cases the clergy of manorial churches, built by the nobles had no jurisdiction over a parish extending to the limits of their lord's estate. Thus no legislative act was needed, and parishes were mapped out gradually, as the multiplication of churches and clergy, which Theodore did so much to effect, made it desirable to define clearly the areas within which the clergy had to work. It was not till long after Theodore's death—Green says about the middle of the eighth century—that this division of the country into parishes was completed.—London Telegraph.

The Folly of Betting.

Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, the great English criminal lawyer, judge and sportsman, in his reminiscences, in telling of what cured him of betting, relates that Harry Hill, one of the "characters" of Tattersalls, gave him this piece of advice as a youth:

"Mr. Hawkins, I see you come here pretty regularly on Sunday afternoons, but I advise you not to speculate among us, for if you do we shall beat you. We understand business better than you do, and you'll get nothing out of us any more than we should get out of you if we were able to dabble in your law, for you know that business better than we do."

King George's Fat Pocketbooks.

George IV. from the time he was a young man constantly carried a pocketbook, into which he thrust bank notes, letters, trinkets and keepsakes. As soon as the pocketbook became full he used to put it away and substitute for it a new one. This when filled was laid aside and replaced in like manner. When the king died it devolved on the Duke of Wellington to examine the monarch's effects, and he discovered an entire chest of drawers filled with fat pocketbooks, which contained not less than $50,000.

The Limit.

He—I don't think your brother John likes me. She—Oh, I'm sure he does. Why, he told me today you were a regular brick; he went further, in fact, and said you were a regular gold brick.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Matches.

"You told me this horse had won half a dozen matches against some of the best horses in the country. He can't trot a mile in six minutes to save him."

"It was in plowing matches that he took the prizes, sir."

A look of intelligence in a man is what regularity of features is in women: it is a style of beauty to which the most vain may aspire.—La Bruyere.

A WINNING SCHEME.

The Power of Timid Beauty to Disarm Wrathful Shoppers.

A woman whose stern visage spelled trouble, says the Philadelphia Record, stepped up to the complaint desk in a big store. Back of the desk was a timid miss—one of those Dresden doll girls who never seem to lose their baby ways—and at the sight of the wrathful shopper she seemed to shrink a bit, while into her wide blue eyes came what the poets would style the look of a startled fawn. The indignant customer began a tirade about some mistake that had been made in connection with a purchase, but her anger disappeared when she saw how much the shopgirl seemed to take the matter to heart. Finally, after calmly explaining the fault, she went away smiling. "It's a great scheme," remarked the observant manager with the air of a man bestowing bouquets on himself. "You see, in every large business establishment there are bound to be mistakes occurring all the time. When customers come back and kick about errors they are usually in an unreasonable frame of mind. If there was a man back of the complaint desk or a strong-minded woman, we'd have all kinds of trouble smoothing out the kinks, because the customers would keep their fighting mood on when they encountered somebody who looked able to take care of himself. But to go up against a pretty, timid girl disarms them, and in a minute they are cool and ready to talk over the situation peaceably. The men kickers could not raise a row with a handsome girl, and the women—well, their motherly instincts are touched and they become good-humored."

ABUSE OF HOSPITALITY.

The Way It Was Rebuked by an Oriental Philosopher.

"Hospitality is an excellent thing," said the story teller, "but it is open to abuse. Let me tell you how the oriental hospitality of Nasr Eddin, a great man of the east, was abused many years ago.

"From a distant village a poor man came to Nasr Eddin and made him a present of a hare. Nasr Eddin was delighted with his gift. The poor man on the strength of it stayed with him a month.

"A short time after a stranger came with his entire family to Nasr Eddin's house.

"'We,' the stranger explained, 'are friends of the man who gave you the hare.'

"Nasr Eddin welcomed the visitors warmly, and they stayed two weeks.

"They had not been gone long when another family of strangers arrived.

"'Whom have I the honor to receive?' said Nasr Eddin.

"'Friends of the friends of the man who gave you the hare,' was the reply.

"Nasr Eddin looked grave. He did not invite these guests indoors. He served them on the lawn with cups of some clear fluid. Tasting this fluid, they made wry faces, for it was nothing but warm water.

"'What is this you offer us, oh, Nasr Eddin?' the strangers said reproachfully.

"The host replied:

"'Oh, that is the sauce of the sauce of the hare.'"

Moving Pictures and Seasickness.

Successive pictures have been taken at intervals during an ocean voyage to show the life aboard ship, the swing of the great seas and the rolling and pitching of the steamer. The heave and swing of the steamer and the mountainous waves have been so realistically shown on the screen in the theater that some squeamish spectators have been made almost seasick. It might be comforting to those who were made unhappy by the sight of the heaving seas to know that the operator who took one series of sea pictures, when lashed with his machine in the lookout place on the foremast of the steamer, suffered terribly from seasickness and would have been glad enough to set his foot on solid ground; nevertheless he stuck to his post and completed the series.—From "Stories of Inventors," by Russell Doubleday.

Landseer's Witty Comment.

Several years ago a London Hebrew, Abraham Solomon, painted a stirring picture, "Waiting For the Verdict," which was exhibited at the Royal academy. The artist, not being a Royal academician, entitled to annex R. A. to his name, had his painting "skied." All the pictures contributed by that august fraternity were, as usual, hung on the line. Thomas Landseer was in ecstasies as he beheld the thrilling scene depicted on the canvas and exclaimed, "There is Solomon in all his glory, but not R. A.'d like one of these!"

The Grunting Ox.

One of the largest of the mammalia of Tibet is the yak, or grunting ox. Standing between five and six feet high at the shoulders, the bulk of this strange looking creature is not a little exaggerated by the enormous growth of hair upon the lower part of the body and tail. Beneath the outer coat, moreover, there is a layer of wool known as pushm, which is highly prized for the making of cloth.

True Friendship.

Harold—My trusted and bosom friend, Jack Armstrong, has cut me out in the affections of Dolly Giddygirl. What do you think of that? Jerrold—Why, I think that's the kind of a friend to have, old chap.—Puck.

Skinny.

"She said I was a regular Venus de Milo."

"Yes, she told me that you had just no arms at all."—Houston Post.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

LIVER TROUBLE CURED.

A proprietary medicine that is not without honor in the city where it is made must be a good thing. In Rondout, N. Y., where Dr. David Kennedy lived and practiced for so many years, his new medicine is highly regarded and many wonderful cures have been wrought by it. There is Mr. Christopher Larsen, of that city, who says: "I was cured of kidney and liver trouble, and painter's colic, by Dr. Kennedy's new medicine called Cal-cura Solvent. It drove the disease out of my system, so it never came back. Nothing like Cal-cura Solvent to purify the blood." $1.00, all druggists; 6 bottles $5.00.

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Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

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to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

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In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

HURRY UP!

Everywhere we hear that expression "hurry up!". It is a genuine Americanism expressive of the "rush" in which we live. Nothing is swift enough for us. We race against steam and lightning and find them slow. We grudge the time given to eating, and rush through meals as though life depended upon our haste.

Life does depend on our haste, but not in that sense. Look at the obituary columns of the papers and see how many prominent men are carried away by "stomach trouble," "acute indigestion" and other related diseases. Their lives have in general been sacrificed to the haste and rush of business which overlooked the fact that food can only nourish the body when digested, and assimilated and that the digestive and assimilative processes *can't be hurried*.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, cures diseases of the stomach and the associated organs of digestion and nutrition. The source of all physical strength is food, properly digested and perfectly assimilated. By enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of food "Golden Medical Discovery" increases and enriches the blood supply and sends new strength to every organ of the body.

"I was at one time as I thought almost at death's door," writes Mr. J. S. Bell, of Leando, Van Buren Co., Iowa. "I was confined to my house and part of the time to my bed. I had taken quantities of medicines but they only seemed to feed the disease; but I must say that 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured me, and to-day I am stouter than I have been for twenty years. I am now forty-three years old."

FREE.—Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser sent *free* to you on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send thirty-one one-cent stamps for cloth bound book or twenty-one stamps for paper covers to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE

Has the best stock of goods to select your Holiday Presents from, such as

Rich Cut Glass
Beautiful Hand Decorated Japanese Ware
Fine Imported Chinaware
Bric-a-Brac. Glassware

Also Boys' and Girls' Skates and Sleds, Air Rifles, Pocket Knives, Carving Sets, Shears and Scissors.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 15, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read what Redfield's Hardware has to say about a china Christmas.

—J. M. Sloan, the Bradford furniture dealer, changes his ad this week.

—In a new ad J. C. Hamlin is telling of some acceptable Christmas gifts.

—Saturday is picture day at The Lindholm Co.'s store. See their ad.

—Remember the dance at Howe's hall, East Smethport, Saturday evening, Dec. 17.

—J. Colegrove will have a demonstration at his store on Saturday. Read his advertisement.

—Edinboro Normal prepares teachers to teach. Winter term begins Jan. 3d, 1905. Tuition free to prospective teachers. John F. Rigler, Prin.

—Commissioner Walsh of Smethport was in town Tuesday for the purpose of removing John Olson, who is mildly insane, to the county home.—Port Allegany Argus.

—D. F. Shay and Miss Adah Glassmire, both of this place, are to be married December 20. Rev. Father Sheehan of the Catholic church will perform the ceremony.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—The volunteer fire department of Warren has been reorganized into a paid department, and Col. F. E. Windsor, a prominent military man and fireman, has been elected chief. A new hose house is being erected at a cost of $25,000.

—A company of Bolivar men, including F. A. Jones and P. H. Dougherty, the ball players, have purchased a five-sixths interests in the holdings of the Minnehoma Oil Company, 1,240 acres in the Indian Territory, for $63,000 cash.—Eldred Eagle.

—On Monday last Van Curen Bros. made short work of a dam in the Allegheny river which has caused a great deal of trouble during high water to the people in the vicinity of Mill Grove, about one mile from Portville. The well shooters used about 80 quarts of nitro glycerine to demolish it.

—According to an exchange Thos. Harrington, the well known soldier and newspaper man, has applied for a pension. If there is anyone in this section that deserves a pension it is Tom, who served the country for about 17 years, and participated in Indian, the Spanish-American and Philippine wars.

—A new hose company has been organized at Mt. Jewett. R. M. Seibert was elected president of the new organization and A. O. Downey chosen as foreman.

—Dr. Chadwick, the husband of the woman who is so prominent in print these days, is a nephew of the late Francis J. Chadwick, and often visited his relatives in Cameron county.—Emporium Press.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sermons on "Preparing the Way" and "Penitence as a Preparation." Services on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, at 6:30 p. m.

—The greatest success achieved in the last decade by any "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company is that won by Leon W. Washburn's which plays on Monday next at the Lyceum. Of all the dramatic successes known there are none that equals this great play. It is established in popular favor here as well as everywhere else, and needs no endorsement from other cities. It is sufficient to say that it will be presented as an excellent company of fifty persons and with new and elaborate scenery gotten up for this season's tour. A grand street parade will be given at noon.

—Mr. and Mrs. John L. Moran of Marvin Creek, together with their three daughters, left at noon today (Friday) for Bartlesville, Indian Territory, where Mr. Moran is interested in the oil business, and where they will make their home in the future. Mr. Moran is well known throughout the oil country, while Mrs. Moran has passed her entire life on Marvin creek. In seeking a new home in the land of the red man they carry with them the best wishes of a large number of friends for their success and continued happiness.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. O. Wells.

St. Petersburg Bakers.

In St. Petersburg nearly everybody lives in a flat, and in the basements of these flat buildings are shops. If you live at the top of a flat building you go down an endless stone staircase—elevators are as yet almost unknown—out of the double doors into the street, and at your feet in the basement behold a shop. Say you enter it, in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself in a provision shop, probably a baker's—a German baker's. But, although there are many German bakers' shops, there are also dozens of itinerant Russian bread sellers, who carry about on their heads in baskets and trays their wares—large flat cakes, the size of a pudding plate, that often form a day's sustenance for the moujik, costing 10 kopecks (about 6 cents) and requiring ten sets of teeth to get through them. These men do a brisk trade. Before the peasant makes his dinner off the frozen cake you may see him stowing it away in the breast of his kaftan, where it undergoes the process of a gentle thaw.

Miss Milliner's Twins.

Sometimes, but not often, the "exclusive" New York milliner is caught napping. One of the smartest of these on Fifth avenue not long ago sold a hat to one of her customers who lived in the western part of New York. The milliner declared the hat could not be duplicated in this country, that she had brought it over from Paris and would not make another like it for any price.

The woman bought the hat on those conditions, for she had a weakness for individual things. She has a sister who lives in Boston and who also patronizes the same shop, though the relationship is not known to the milliner. The other day the two women met in this city, and the first thing they did was to stare at each other's hat.

The shopkeeper had duplicated the "exclusive" model for the Boston woman.—New York Press.

Lincoln's Opinion of Marriage.

Abraham Lincoln once remarked that every man about to marry should stand over a doctor with a club and make him tell the truth in reference to the chosen partner for life if there was no other way of getting it out of him. Also that the parents who would allow a girl to marry a man without knowing, as nearly as could be known, his physical as well as his moral condition deserved to be scalped.

"The whole marrying business is wrong," said Mr. Lincoln. "Fashionable girls have too often foolish mothers, who care for nothing but to sell their flesh and blood to the highest bidder."

Dear Mrs. Malaprop.

There is generally somebody—a lady as a rule—in each district on whom its finest Malaprops are fathered, sometimes quite unfairly. It is she who is reported to have made that speech about the glories of her father's house up to the door of which there ran a "revenue of popular trees," she who asked her daughter to play that little "malady" she had learned at the "cemetery" and she again who pronounced Mr. Brown as "proud as Luther," while the tuft hunting Mr. Smith was such a "toby" he deserved to be "tattooed" at his club. Dear Mrs. Malaprop, what should we do without her?—London Globe.

Yeast of the Ancients.

The yeast employed by the ancients in making bread was probably of the same kind as the Israelites of the days of the great Pharaoh the oppressor used, calling it "leaven." This was what is known nowadays as a wild yeast, its germs or spores being afloat anywhere in the air. A bit of dough was preserved out of each batch prepared for the ovens, and when this was added to the next dough the yeast contained in it quickly spread through the whole, only a little being required to "leaven the whole lump."

Discouraged In Almsgiving.

"I suppose," said the plain person, "you are often deceived by apparently deserving objects of charity whom you quietly help."

"Yes, indeed," replied the great philanthropist. "It's just like throwing money away. The very people you think will advertise you most never say a word about it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Don't Let the Years Count.

Age will never succeed in retaining a youthful appearance and mentality until people make up their minds not to let the years count, until they cease to make the body old by the constant suggestions of the mind.—Success Magazine.

Fatal Curiosity.

Mrs. Grimes—You lost $50 because of your curiosity? Really, I don't see how you could do that, Mr. Grimes. Nevertheless it is true. I asked the man who sat on the other side of the table what cards he had in his hand.—Boston Transcript.

Why Is It?

Why is it that popular orators, whether lay or clerical, are commonly men of large girth and good digestion, while great philosophers are often of diminutive size and small vitality?—Boston Christian Register.

A Different Matter.

Excited Individual—Help, help! I've just had my picture taken! Bystander—Why, that's nothing to get angry about. Excited Individual—It isn't, eh! My picture was a Rembrandt! Help!—Smart Set.

If you would make your wife happy let her boss you occasionally and think that she is the smarter of the two—which she sometimes is.—J. M. Barrie.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Women Healthier Than Men.

Since more boys than girls are born in the countries of western Europe, the proportion being 1,040 to 1,000 boys to every 1,000 girls, how can we account for the fact that there are more women than men in these countries? To this question M. de Varigny, a French scientist, replies at length in a leading Paris paper. "Since there are more women, although more men are born," he says, "we must conclude that more men die than women because they are not as healthy. There is no other solution, and, moreover, all the obtainable facts point in the same direction. More boys are born than girls, yet there are almost always more girls alive than boys. Many persons think that the principal reason why more men die than women is because they lead intemperate lives; but, though there may be some truth in this, it cannot be the sole solution of the problem, as the mortality among males is greatest during their early years, before they know what vice or intemperance means."

Savages First to Wear Mustaches.

In Greece and Rome no mustaches were worn without beards, but in the conquering days of the Roman empire several half civilized races who had come partially under the influence of the Romans and who wished to be rid of the name of barbari, or wearers of beards, attempted to shave in imitation of their conquerors, but as they had very imperfect implements for the purpose and as the upper lip is notoriously the hardest part of the face to shave in the case of any one poorly skilled in the art they were unable to make a clean job of it and left a quantity of hair on the upper lip. This mark was characteristic of several nations on the confines of Roman civilization, of the Gauls in particular, of the Dacians and some others. The Latin language has no word for mustache.

The Distance to the Sun.

If the water in the Atlantic ocean were made to fill a circular pipe reaching from the earth to the sun, a distance of 93,000,000 miles, the diameter of the pipe would be 1,837 yards, or, rather, over a mile, while a pipe of similar length to contain the Pacific would be over one and three-quarter miles across. Yet the distance to the sun is so great that if a child were born with an arm long enough to reach to the sun it would not live long enough to know that it had touched it, for sensation passes along our nerves at the rate of 100 feet a second, and to travel from the sun to the earth at that rate would take one and a half centuries, and such an abnormal infant is an unlikely centenarian.—Longman's Magazine.

SATURDAY, DEC. 17,

Demonstration Day

AT OUR STORE.

We have just received a large assortment of In-Er-Seal Trade Mark Goods from the

National Biscuit Company

who will send a demonstrator to our store Saturday, who will demonstrate the cleanliness, goodness, crispness and superior quality of these goods, and you will have an opportunity of sampling new products.

You and your friends are cordially invited.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

BEAUTIFUL

Christmas Gifts

I have a display of beautiful and useful Christmas Gifts which excels anything in this line ever shown in Smethport and every article is of the very best quality and is guaranteed to be just as represented.

Diamonds

I have a large number of the best, both set and unset, beautiful pins, rings and lockets, watches, etc. This is by far the largest display of diamonds ever shown here. Most of this stock is bought on approval and therefore the prices are very reasonable.

Watches and Clocks

My stock of watches is unusually large at this time and comprises all the best makes and many of the novelties.

In clocks I have many new designs which make beautiful gifts. I wish to call your especial attention to the new Roycroft designs so popular just now.

Rings, Pins and Buttons

In this line I am well stocked. One of these emblematical of his fraternal society makes an appreciated gift for a gentleman.

Silverware and Cut Glass

My line in these goods is complete and well selected. You will have to see my stock as space forbids description.

Fancy Umbrellas

For holiday gifts I have anticipated your wants and can suit you. See display in west window.

ENGRAVING—All kinds of metal engraving done promptly.

W. J. KERR The JEWELER

MAIN STREET, : : SMETHPORT, PA.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 15, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

MICHAEL MILLER.

THE announcement of Michael Miller as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries appears in this issue. MR. MILLER has served in this capacity for the past year and has made a careful and conscientious supervisor. His re-nomination is practically sure and his re-election is very probable.

THE center of the stage is now occupied by Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick in the greatest of all extravaganzas of "Frenzied Finance." Her system of raising money and evading detection as long as she has is simply wonderful and rivals all past deals of the kind. On securities purported to be held by her amounting to $10,000,000 or thereabouts, she has borrowed upwards of a million dollars and the strange thing about it is that these supposed securities had never been carefully examined until the great crash came. Then it was learned that these securities were only poor forgeries and now Mrs. Chadwick is in jail. She has wrecked one bank in Cleveland and many other banking and business houses have lost large sums, and it is now reported that she will not be able to pay more than one cent on the dollar of these claims. According to a statement of her sister this is not the first time that Mrs. Chadwick has indulged in similar schemes to raise money. Before her marriage she served a term in the penitentiary for forgery but she covered her past successfully and went into the same business on a much larger scale.

VARIOUS county papers are commenting in rather severe terms on the fact that several murders have occurred in the county and the perpetrators never brought to justice. There is much sound logic in such complaints, but to remedy the condition of affairs appears to be a difficult matter. Not long ago a detective was appointed, whose duty was to investigate crimes committed within the county. The creating of this office did not appear to be satisfactory to the majority of people in the county and it was not long before the incumbent resigned and nothing more has been done in that line. If the people do not approve of a permanent officer of that character, why not hire a skilled man to investigate the various crimes that are placed beyond the power of local officers in a great measure by the time which must be devoted and the expense connected with such an investigation? It is not reasonable to expect a constable or policeman to take time from his other duties and pay his own expenses in hunting up a criminal, although there have been several instances in the county when officers have used their own time and money in endeavors to unravel mysteries. Assuredly the detection of crime can be placed on a more satisfactory basis and the proper authorities should make a move in the matter now. The Bradford Era in a recent editorial cites Bradford's present murder mystery, the recent poisoning of a Smethport citizen and the murder of a Bradford man a few years ago, as some of the most startling examples of undiscovered crime. Another case that can be included in this category is the murder at Hazelhurst several years ago. The murderer was known, and it is almost a certainty that he remained in the county for several months after the commission of the shocking crime. There is little question but that a detective of ordinary ability assigned to the case would have brought the man to justice. The situation in McKean county in regard to these matters demands an instant remedy.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1904.

The chief interest in Washington the past week has been the work of Congress, what it will do and what it cannot do for the want of time. A committee of Republican Senators has held a meeting and decided that general legislation for this session of Congress must be confined to the Statehood and Philippine bills. If this resolution is maintained many pet schemes will go over until next December, including the bills for the proposed new apportionment of Representatives on account of Southern disfranchisement, and the Cooper-Quarles bill which would give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate railroad rates and fairs. The President claims the sole responsibility for having recommended this enlargement of the powers of the Commission. A hearing upon this bill began yesterday. The representatives of the Shippers Association, a strong western organization, were present and in favor of the bill. Mr. Hepburn remarked that so august a body as the Supreme Court had decided that it could not pass upon their reasonableness of a rate fixed for the future. The inference was that the Interstate Commission could not do what the Supreme Court cannot.

If Congress approves of the President's recommendation for a Federal inspection service of all railway rolling stock, to ascertain if it is provided with the best kind of brakes, and if they are in working order, it is pointed out that the inspectors will have to examine 1,500,000 freight cars, 80,000 passenger cars and 43,000 engines. This would give employment to a vast number of men and cause some traveling. So, too, if there is to be a Federal inquiry into accidents where there has been a loss of life, there must be, at the present rate of slaughter, some 8,000 inquests annually. Add to this inspectors for the proposed block signal service, and a small army of men will be required to keep the railroads safe and sound. But as many great railways have Senators in Congress these propositions will hardly be enacted into laws immediately, although it is certain that the people approve of their spirit.

After a brief session the Senate adjourned on the 7th until the 12th. It is announced that the holiday recess will begin on the 19th and last until the 5th of January. The Philippine government bill will come up in the Senate for a vote on the 16th. From the fact that Senator Platt of New York, and Representatives Crumpacker of Indiana and Morrell of Pennsylvania have each introduced bills into Congress for the reduction of representation from the Southern States, in proportion to the disfranchisement of male citizens 21 years of age, it is apparent that a determined effort will be made to effect such an arrangement. Long and bitter opposition may be expected, and if it threatens to hinder needed legislation, the whole matter must go over to the next Congress. Thus far the President has taken no part in the agitation, and efforts to draw him out have failed. The Senate agrees with the House that it will be wise to keep the appropriations down to the lowest practicable rate. Senator Allison foresees that means must be provided for the protection of the reserve fund after the first of next July. Conditions are such, he remarks, that conservative appropriations should be made for new battleships, river and harbor improvements, and public buildings.

Legislation for the week has been confined to the Legislative Appropriation bill, which includes provisions for the Judiciary, the White House, a number of the departments, Congress and the Library. The bill makes a pamphlet of 155 pages, filled with a catalogue of the items for salaries and sundry expenses. It passed the House late last night after being cut down largely. While it was being cut down Thursday, the usual attack was made upon the Civil Service Commission, with excitement on both sides of the House, and the opposition was strong enough to defeat a proposition to increase the salary of the Secretary of the Commission. The Congressional library was also up for criticism, as being a very costly institution and not as economically conducted as it might be. One of the items for the library is $90,000 for the purchase of more books and the traveling expenses of the gentlemen who go abroad to buy them. The Library is already crowded with books, some 70,000 having been added the past year, and the building, large and magnificent as it is, has acquired the reputation of being too small. The whole appropriation for the Library aggregates $590,000, said to be the largest sum given to any similar institution in the world.

Next week, when Secretary Taft returns from Panama, he will, at the request of the President, take up the case of the widows and dependents of soldiers in Philadelphia, who for many years have been making soldiers' uniforms, but who are now deprived of the work by contractors. An exhaustive study of the whole question is desired. The Quartermaster General is in favor of the contractors, but the President would gladly give the work to the poor women if the statutes would allow him to do so. The contractors bid to make the kersey trousers worn by soldiers for thirty seven and one-half cents a pair. The women used to get 75 cents for the same. It appears that out of 60,000 garments made last year by the seamstresses only 13 were rejected, while a much larger per cent of the contract work was rejected upon the first examination.

The President is contemplating a trip South in the spring, provided he decides it is not necessary to call an extra session of Congress to consider the tariff, which now seems hardly probable. He wishes to visit Roswell, Ga., the home of his mother, to attend the reunion of his old Rough Rider regiment of San Antonio, Texas, and to hunt for a couple of weeks in Colorado. And on his return to Washington he hopes to stop over in Louisville, Ky., and dine with the Chamber of Commerce.

C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Lawyers of Washington, D. C., have sent us a Handy Vest Pocket Diary Memorandum and Account Book for 1905. It contains calendars for 1905 and 1906, a census of cities and states, common business laws, court decisions in patent cases and other valuable information. It is such a book as every man needs all the time. C. A. Snow & Co. will send it to any address of actual postage, two cents. This pocket diary would cost elsewhere from 10 to 25 cents and is indispensable to those who know how to use it.

Go to Charles Lemmler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.

The elaborate display of

HOLIDAY GOODS

AT McCOY'S DRUG STORE

consisting of all the late novelties such as DAINTY BOOKS, POEMS, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, DIARIES, CALENDARS, beautifully bound.

If you want your heart filled with the love of Christmas don't fail to call in here. For sure SANTA CLAUS has left us the best.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

Christmas Advice

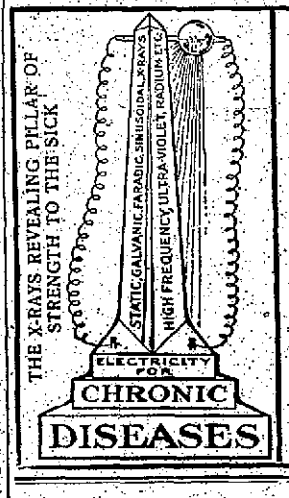
For something fine and beautiful buy HAWKE'S CUT GLASS. It is the standard of two continents. Our hand-painted China is done by a professional artist—nothing amateur about it.

For the gentlemen's stockings—pipes, cards, dice, poker chips, checkers, dominoes, cigar holders, handsome military sets. We keep only the best quality. You cannot get better prices in the city.

Toilet sets, fine perfumes, stationery, gold fish, leather goods, rubber goods. Order cut flowers through us. We can please you.

L. K. HOGARTH

Oldest drug store in the county.
Established 1865 by Hogarth & Seems.



J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

Don't Care to Spend Much Money?

And yet you want to dress well for the holidays, or buy an Xmas present for a friend. A visit to our store will point the way to the right goods at the right price.

Elegantly Tailored Suits and Overcoats.

The "R. & W." 52-inch Belt Back Rain Proof Coat.

Gloves, Caps, Hats and Umbrellas.

Walk Over Shoes

Fine Flannel and Madras Shirts.

Magnificent line of Sweaters, Ties, Mufflers and Suspenders in handsome single boxes and many other useful and sensible articles.

WM. MONHEIMER

BRINGING JOY to all is the special mission of Santa Claus. He wants to see everybody happy. But he needs your help and you need ours. Don't run the risk of spending a poor Christmas on account of

Poor Plumbing

Send for us right away and have us go over your house. We will put the plumbing in apple pie order. We will do it quickly too and keep out of the way of the women folks as much as possible. What did you say your number was?

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKEAN COUNTY, NO. 14, FEB. TERM, 1905.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A GUARDIAN FOR MICHAEL MILLER.

To the Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters or other kin of the said Michael Miller, Take Notice:—

That a hearing in the above entitled case for the appointment of a guardian for the said Michael Miller, a weak minded person and who if now a charge upon the McKean County Poor District, will be had before the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton, at his Chambers in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, upon the 27th day of December, A. D., 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m.

SAMUEL E. BELL,
Prothonotary.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKEAN COUNTY, NO. 15, FEB. TERM, 1905.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A GUARDIAN FOR THOMAS STEELE.

To the Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters or other kin of the said Thomas Steele, Take Notice:—

That a hearing in the above entitled case for the appointment of a guardian for the said Thomas Steele, a weak minded person and who is now a charge upon the McKean County Poor District, will be had before the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton, at his Chambers in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, upon the 27th day of December, A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m.

SAMUEL E. BELL,
Prothonotary.

CHRISTMAS
Will Soon Be Here

The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year—"it's hard to find things to give men." If you find it so, a visit here will help you to decide and afford you relief. Our store is full of articles suitable for a man's Christmas. Run your eyes down this list. You will certainly strike something HE would be delighted to have.

Overcoat	Neckwear
Smoking Jacket	Suspenders
Gloves	Suit
Night Robe	Bath Robe
Shirts	Collars, Cuffs
Hosiery	Cap
Muffler	Umbrella
Rain Coat	White Vest
Shirt Protector	Suit Case
Handkerchiefs	Sweater
Etc., Etc.	Etc., Etc.

When Christmas shopping I will be pleased to have you come here with your troubles and we'll fix "him" out.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Double Purple Trading Stamps

Will be given at store of D. C. Young until January 1, 1905, if stamps and premiums hold out. After that I do not expect to give any more stamps. I only have a few one book premiums and have not succeeded in getting any more. My reason for giving Double Stamps is to enable those who are trying to get a one book premium to get a two book premium for the same price, which is quite an extra expense to me, but will not cost my customers any more. I have several valuable premiums which can be secured by combining books.

My stock of goods is complete in every line and prices are right. Come early, avoid the rush and take your choice.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

December 1, 1904.

Holiday Groceries.

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

Have just returned from New York where I purchased a very large line of Holiday Goods, as well as the most correct novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, belts, girdles, fancy combs and many other goods that comprise Ladies Furnishings. Do not fail to see my Japannse Goods, especially Vantine's Sachet, Talcum Powder and Soaps.

M. L. BISETT,

THE CITY STORE.

LOOKING FOR HOLIDAY FURNITURE?

"See Sloan First."

His stock is always complete and up-to-date.

Special attention given to out of town customers. When in Bradford look me up.

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Corner Clothier Store

XMAS NEWS
AT THE LINDHOLM CO.'S STORE.

PICTURE DAY FRIDAY, DEC. 16.
SECOND FLOOR

500 MORE

OF THOSE WONDERFUL SHEEHAN PICTURES—New subjects, new colorings, a bargain any day at 20c. OUR PRICE .....10c each

Our Second Floor has been refitted into

A Model Santa Claus Department

Wonderful values in Novelties, Toys and Games, including Dolls, dressed and undressed, Doll Chairs, Sleds, Carts, Automobiles, Pictures, Statuary, Fancy Vases, Toilet Novelties, etc.

Beautiful Showing of Holiday Handkerchiefs

Linen Handkerchiefs from.....15c to $1.50 each

OUR SPECIAL—An ideal Xmas gift for the little folks, A Suit Case filled with Handkerchiefs 50c

Beauties in Holiday Umbrellas 98c to $8.50

All better ones engraved free.

Big Values in Xmas Slippers

For ladies and Men, priced from .....60c to $2.25 pr.

Don't fail to visit our second floor.

Your money will reach farther in Christmas buying here than anywhere else.

The store will be open evenings until ChristMas.

The Lindholm Company

LET US MAKE THIS A CHINA CHRISTMAS.

Redfield has an unusually pleasing line of China this year. Remember there is nothing you could give which would be more pleasing to your mother, wife or sweetheart than a dainty piece of China. His Hand Painted China is very pretty being painted by world renowned artists and is perfect in every detail. He also has a particularly nice line of Dinner Sets in the American and English Ware at remarkably low prices. See his complete assortment of Holiday Goods before it is broken.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 15, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Postmaster J. C. Gallup is confined to the house with illness.

—Ladies will be interested in the change of ad of Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

—Attend farmers' institute at the court house next Wednesday and Thursday.

—H. W. Rubin gives the readers of his ad a list of suitable gifts to select from.

—Victor Engstrom has been confined to his room in the bank building this week with illness.

—Farmers' Institute at Eldred Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23 and 24. An elaborate program has been arranged.

—Sunday was the first real cold morning of the season. The thermometer registered eight degrees below zero here.

—E. T. Daly sold two Waterloo cutters to Port Allegany people last week. This speaks well for Smethport enterprise.

—Last night was the coldest of the season. Thermometers registered 16 degrees below zero and many water pipes were frozen.

—An excellent program has been prepared for the farmers' institute to be held at the court house next Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 21 and 22.

—The Christmas market and supper given by the ladies of the Methodist church at the chapel Tuesday evening was deservedly a success in every way.

—A horse belonging to John Wilfse created considerable excitement on Main street by running away Saturday. Two young men were in the cutter but escaped injury. The cutter was slightly damaged.

—Christmas candies are advertised by D. M. Brasted.

—Mrs. H. H. Redfield entertained the euchre club at her home on Wednesday afternoon.

—Attend the dance at the Hose House Saturday evening if you are looking for a good time.

—The stores will remain open even-from now until Christmas to accommodate the holiday shoppers.

—Deputy Sheriff Bert McAllister falls gracefully into his new position and is an obliging and courteous official.

—To enable the employees to attend the funeral of the late Maurice Hall the Smethport Window Glass factory was closed Tuesday afternoon.

—Albert Servatius, who has been seriously ill at the residence of Mrs. Kidder for some time, is slightly improved, but is still confined to the house.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove announce the engagement of Miss Alice Heatley to Mr. James F. Heimer of Washington, D. C. The wedding will take place on Dec. 20.

—"Snow, Its Lessons and Blessings," is the topic for Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "God's Revelation of His Will" is the subject for the evening service.

—While hunting on Tuesday of last week William Gridley of Galeton, aged 37 years, dropped dead. He was walking along with a companion when he suddenly fell foward and expired.

—Holiday buying is at hand and the wide awake merchant believes in advertising. The MINER contains a number of timely ads and it behooves the shoppers to look them over. Patronize the home merchant.

—The big 200-pound pumpkin pie which was sent from Owego to Waverly at the time of Senator Platt's buckwheat breakfast, was afterward sent to the Tioga county, N. Y. poor house where it was eaten by the inmates of that institution.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus very pleasantly entertained a small party of friends the first of the week, the occasion being the fifth anniversary of their marriage.

—Six men were recently arrested at Wellsboro for breaking or attempting to break the quarantine existing at Morris Run. The men proved that they had not been exposed to smallpox and after being vouched for by state authorities were allowed to remain in the town.

—A meeting of the McKean County Historical Society was held at Port Allegany Tuesday evening. Papers were read by Attorney W. J. Milliken of Bradford, Editor Tom M. McClellan of Mt. Jewett and Attorney S. W. Smith of Port Allegany, a member of the governing board.

—A very pleasant dancing party was given at the hose house last Friday evening by Kenneth Mayo, Sidney Burdick and Webb Hopper. About twenty couples of young people participated in the terpsichorean festivities until a late hour. Refreshments were served at midnight and Miss Lucy Wright presided at the piano.

—Capt. Geo. Michaels of the successful cutters' bowling team is the happiest man in the state and laughs derisively at Capt. Marks' futile efforts to explain how it happened. It is quite probable that a game will be arranged between these rival teams in which large chunks of currency will be freely wagered and the question of supremacy finally settled.

—It is alleged that Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, whose financial conditions are the sensation of the day, was in Bradford about a year ago trying to raise a loan on a quantity of diamonds. The gems, it is said, were submitted to local jeweler for examination and were pronounced genuine, but for some reason the proposed loan was not negotiated.—Bradford Record.

—Kane people are indignant over the forced abandonment of the narrow guage railroad service between Mt. Jewett and Ormsby and seem to think that Mr. Kane's action in the matter was due to a desire to sell broad guage stock. Superintendent A. B. Campbell of the B., B. & K. railroad is quoted as saying that there is no change in the situation and he is not overly sanguine that there will be any.

—"Human Hearts," attracted a good-sized audience at the Lyceum Tuesday evening. The company is a good one throughout and gave great satisfaction. Edwin B. Bailey and Miss Grace Lockwood, who sustain the "heavy" roles repeated the hit they made last year. L. J. Plumer made a very acceptable "Tom Logan." The balance of the cast are clever people and none of the parts are shirked.

—The Masonic fraternity in this vicinity will be interested to learn that Geo. W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg, was elected grand junior warden of the Masonic grand lodge of Pennsylvania on the second ballot, defeating W. Gorges, of Harrisburg, by vote of 4,407 to 3,879. The vacancy in the office was caused by the death of Chas. M. Swain, which occurred shortly after his election to the office last spring.

—A large number of Swedish residents of this place attended the lecture at Kane Tuesday evening by Dr. Waldenstrom, a very noted Swedish minister. An excursion train over the P., S. & N. and B., B. & K. railroads conveyed the party both ways. Eighty tickets were sold from here. While going to the depot at Kane Gustave Engstrom fell over a garbage pan in such a manner as to bruise his leg so badly that he will be laid up for about a week.

—Peter Peterson a brother of County Commissioner J. A. Peterson of Bradford, died on Monday evening at his home in Olean, the result of an extended illness with a complication of ailments. The deceased was a highly esteemed resident of Olean, and he enjoyed an extensive acquaintance in this city, where he had frequently visited. He is survived by his widow, four children, a sister, Mrs. John Fisher and a brother, Mr. J. A. Peterson of Bradford.

Pocket Knives, all kinds from 5 cents up, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. S. E. Bell is visiting in Philadelphia.

George Bovaird of Bradford did jury duty this week.

J. Clayton Backus transacted business in Bradford Monday.

M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett was doing jury duty this week.

Will Clothier of Buffalo spent Sunday in town the guest of friends.

Albert Grant of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town over Sunday.

Mrs. George Camp of Morgantown, W. Va., is visiting relatives in town.

Will Blake of Eldred was a guest of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus, Sunday.

Rev. J. H. McCandless visited in Buffal on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. S. P. Button returned Monday from an extended visit in Wellsville and other places in New York state.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

$13 Buffalo to Chicago and Return

via the Nickel Plate Road account Live Stock Exposition. Tickets on sale November 27th, 28th and 29th, good returning to December 5th, inclusive. Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 301 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

The finest line of boys' and girls' steel and wood sleds and skates in town.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

Air Guns and Rifles, large assortment at, Holmes & Gilfillan's.

LYCEUM THEATRE
ONE NIGHT ONLY
Monday, December 19
STETSON'S
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
THE BARNUM OF THEM ALL.
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
LEON W. WASHBURN.

More Grand Novelties Than Ever.
Gorgeous Scenery.
Mechanical Effects.
Two Brass Bands.
Colored Female Fife and Drum Corps.
Beautiful Chariots and Tableaux.
Wagons Drawn by Handsome Ponies.
Genuine Southern Cake Walkers.
Buck and Wing Dancers.
Male and Female Quartettes.
Jubilee Singers.
Grand Vision and Transformation Scenes.
Eva and Her Golden Chariot.
Watch for the Big Parade—it Beats a Circus.

SPECIAL FEATURE THIS SEASON.
QUEEN DRAGA'S BEAUTIFUL GOWNS
WORN BY THE LADIES COLORED QUARTETTE.

Almost the whole world has heard of the sad news of Queen Draga's tragic death; her love for elegant dresses and her wonderful assortment of Parisian novelties. Leon W. Washburn, manager of the Stetson's Big Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., has gone to the expense of getting the artist's original designs of the late superb creation made for the assassinated queen of Servia, and has four of these exquisite gowns made at a fabulous price. To give the audience an opportunity to see these world-wide advertised dresses, they will be worn by four young ladies of the company in a novelty act during the performance of Stetson's Big Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.

Reserved Seats at Wells' Pharmacy.

Our Christmas Goods

Are now ready. The whole store is overflowing with things appropriate and useful for Christmas gifts.

You will see the latest novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, Belts, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Stamped Linens, Fancy Boxes, Dolls and Notions.

Our stock of Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, Furs, Skirts, Shirt Waists, Corsets, Underwear, etc., is large.

Now is the time to prepare yourself for the winter.

Just received a new line of Kimonas and Dressing Sacques in the popular fleece down goods.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS
Is getting ready for the
HOLIDAYS
As usual Santa Claus will be in full bloom at his store.

Call and See the Display.

BANNER PATTERNS 10 and 15c **FRY & COMES** MONARCH SHIRT $1.00 and $1.50

Dry Goods, Carpets, Men's Furnishings

HOLIDAY GOODS

It's a difficult task to select all of the Christmas gifts to one's satisfaction. There's always the present for this one or that one that we find hard to get to our notion.

Use the list we print. It concerns the stock of which we have particularly large assortments and uncommonly good values. It will, we trust, suggest a way over the difficult places.

Blankets
Cotton fleeced and wool goods in white and colors 58c to $7.50

Bed Spreads
Fringed or hemmed, plain or cut corners 85c to $4.75

Linens
Handsome patterns and extra values in sets and yard goods with napkins to match
Sets $6.50 to $7.00
Yard goods, 25c to $1.50

Towels
Damask, Huck, Turkish and "Rub Dry" 25c to $1.00

Dress Goods
A dress pattern would certainly please the wife. All colors and grades. 25c to $1.50 yd.

Silks
A complete assortment of colored and black silks in Taffeta, ponu de soie and peau de cygne. 50c to $1.50 yd.

Gloves
All sorts in yarn and leather for ladies, misses and Children. 25c to $1.50

Neckwear and Belts
We never had such pretty things as now 10c to $1.50

Umbrellas
Always acceptable. Ours are the the "Baltimore Maid" and have detachable handles. Fully guaranteed. $2.50 to $10.00

Furs
They make a handsome gift for ladies and children. We have most every sort and color that's fashionable. 50c to $27.00

Men's Furnishings
It's hard to buy presents for men. Our gents' department will help you. We have the new things in neckwear, gloves, suspenders, umbrellas, mufflers, cuff buttons, scarf pins, etc. 25c to $2.75

Rugs
A very practical Gift 65c to $9.00

Pictures
You will find an excellent lot of framed pictures in the basement. 10c to $3.00

Toys and Games
These are in the basement. We are sure the change will please you. It relieves the congestion on the main floor and affords a better display. There's a great lot of them and certainly sufficient variety 5c to $3.75

Dolls
The best lot we've ever had and we really think better values than you will get elsewhere. 25c to $2.75

FRY & COMES

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR USEFUL GIFTS?

Then let us offer you a few seasonable suggestions.

Considering all points after carefully inspecting the makers' samples we have selected the celebrated

"ROCHESTER" WARE

as embodying all that is good in material, quality and workmanship.

WE HAVE A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT

of remembrances, the kind sensible gift givers are looking for this season, gifts that are

USEFUL, SERVICEABLE AND SUBSTANTIAL

All copper, nickel-plated tea and coffee pots, tea kettles and five o'clock tea kettles, cream pitchers, sugar bowls, spoons, holders, baking and chafing dishes, cake, bread and fruit trays.

We have also added a complete line of "ROCHESTER" ARGENTINE WARE, the new ware suitable for table use and for gifts. Does not tarnish like silver; easily cleaned. Every piece warranted. Now is the time and this is the place to make your selections. Come early and often.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE
DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

PRILL

Has the stock you should see before purchasing your Christmas gifts.

DIAMONDS
Of the finest quality

ONE PRICE TO ALL

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Lies in our store waiting to be seen;
And as you see, and handle, and admire,
You'll wonder that the prices are not higher.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

WATCHES
All makes and grades at the lowest prices.

Hawkes' Cut Glass,
Genuine Bronzes,
Silk Umbrellas,
Beautiful Opera Glasses

BELL PHONE 473. BELL PHONE 473.

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

From a Spark

By Belle Manlates

Copyright, 1904, by Belle Manlates

On a hazy, warm breezed Indian-summer day a huntsman trod through the thickly grown brush that bordered the country road. Once or twice he stopped and looked about in appreciation of the day and the beauty of the country. Then he lighted a cigar, tossing the match aside before it was extinguished. By the time he had vanished from view the half spent match had accomplished a rivulet of fire that ran alertly through the brush which skirted the woods.

Mabel Wallace, coming down the old sawmill road, saw the crackling fire and hastened her pace. She noted the quickening breeze blowing toward the woods and the stretch of dry, parched grass and brush that intervened. She knew that if the flames were not extinguished at once the whole piece of woods would go. She caught up a stout stick as she ran, and when she reached the farther end of the running fire she began a vigorous beating.

"Say, teacher, I'll help you," squeaked a piping voice, which she recognized as belonging to the boy in the First Reader class, next to the foot.

"Johnny, run down to the first white house beyond the woods and tell them to send help. They have a telephone. Ask them to notify all the neighbors," she directed between beats.

Johnny was reluctant to leave a bonfire of such proportions as this was assuming, but he detected the "teacher" in her tones and concluded to obey.

"That's the stuff!" she next heard and looked up to meet the approval of the farmer at whose house she boarded.

He procured a stick and made an effective onslaught upon the flames. Presently they were re-enforced by a passerby, and after a time the fire was extinguished.

"You best go home and rest a spell," counseled her landlord. "You look all het up and tuckered out."

"It was pretty warm work," she acknowledged, arranging her hair, which the breeze and her exertions had tumbled about her face.

"Well, I tell you what, you just saved them woods, all right. The owner ought to make you a nice present."

Mabel laughed.

"Who is the owner?" she asked carelessly.

"His name is Max Thornton. He's a young city swell, I heard say."

She had inserted the last hairpin and now started for home with burned face and blistered hands.

Meanwhile Johnny, returning from the white house, heard a shot ring out in the woods.

"I'll git him to come and help teacher," he thought as he scurried through the cool woods after the man behind the gun.

"Say, the woods is pretty near on fire. It's most crep' up on 'em!"

The man laughed good naturedly.

"Do you think I am in any danger?"

"The woods is! Teacher sent me for help. She is beating it out with a stick."

"All right! Come along." And the man made for the road in long strides, the boy keeping pace by a quick trot, explaining with many elaborations the particulars of the fire.

"My! Teacher was jest more than layin' on to it with a stick. I never s'posed she could hit out like that!"

"Hasn't she laid it on to you yet?" laughed the hunter.

"Naw. She ain't teched one on us yit. I bet the boys would behave if they'd seen her beat that fire."

The hunter was occupied for a moment with conjuring the image of "teacher hittin' the fire."

"Say, young man, has your teacher got red hair, and does she wear glasses?"

"Yes. How did yer know?" he asked curiously.

"I just felt it."

When the hunter came up to the men, he said to the farmer:

"I came to help put out a fire, but I see you have done good work," gazing at the blackened ground.

"We only got here to the tail end of it," explained the farmer. "The schoolteacher got here first, and she fit it like a tiger. Guess some of you hunters set it on fire."

The hunter laughed and walked on, remembering the match, but he felt no compunctions. "A man has the right to set fire to his own if he wants to," he thought. "Suppose it would be only decent in me to go and thank the schoolma'am. Wonder how I can make her a substantial token of gratitude without offense?"

"Here, boy!" he turned and called to Johnny, who lingered near the ruins. "Do you want to earn a quarter?"

"You bet yer boots!"

"Then take me to your teacher, if it's not too far."

"It's jest down the next road a ways, and mebby she's stopped in at the schoolhus down the lane."

"On a Saturday?" he asked skeptically.

"Yes. She writes her letters there?"

They relapsed into silence, Johnny making plans for the investment of his quarter and the man absorbed in thoughts of a bitter, cynical trend. A few months before he had been the happy, accepted lover of a beautiful girl who was of an old, aristocratic family in moderate circumstances. Some pessimistic relatives of his had intimated that his wealth and not himself was the object of her adoration. The little shaft, though resented, rankled and lingered and grew until in a moment of desperation and ill judgment he sent her a letter saying that his fortune had been swept away in the late panic and offering to release her from the engagement.

He waited in suspense for her reply, which came promptly. She coldly and briefly agreed that the engagement should be broken, owing to change of circumstances.

Wounded through and through, he went abroad, aimlessly wandering from one place to another, hating all women for what one had wrought.

He was wondering now as he walked along the dusty highway what had become of her. Had she landed another millionaire? What a useless, helpless wife she would make for a poor man! Then he thought of the struggling, sordid existence of this schoolma'am. In his mind's eye he pictured her—lank, gawky and spectacled, beating the flames.

"Even at that," he thought, "she is more to be loved than a woman who feared poverty. Faith, I believe I'll marry the schoolma'am and settle down to a country life if she'll have me."

A turn into a lane brought them to the little schoolhouse, and Johnny looked in through the open door.

"She's in there," he said.

"All right. You needn't come. Much obliged." When he entered the schoolroom, which was darkened, he dimly discerned a form at a desk on the platform. Her head was resting wearily on the big dictionary.

"I beg your pardon. I came to thank you for saving my property."

He had come nearer now. She lifted her head, and he saw her.

"Mabel!" he gasped.

"I didn't know," she said coldly, "that it was your property I was saving until afterward, but of course it made no difference."

"Mabel! You, a schoolteacher, here—why?"

"Because," she answered bitterly, "in that panic in which you pretended to have lost your fortune my father lost every cent he had."

"I wish you'd tell me all about it," he said remorsefully.

"There's not much to tell. Just as father had broken the news of our loss to me your letter came, I showed it to him. He said it was not true, so I thought it a ruse—that you had heard of our reverses and did not want to wed a pauper."

He groaned and attempted to speak, but she hastily continued:

"Father went west to look after some claim he thought he had out there, and I came here to teach. That is all."

"No; not all. Listen," he cried. He told her of the remarks, his test, his departure and ignorance of her loss.

"Forgive me, Mabel, and take me back!"

"No," she said proudly. "You didn't believe in my love. You had to put it to a paltry test."

He was thinking hard for the right thing to say.

"Then let me woo you again, not as the Mabel Wallace I knew in New York, but as the country schoolteacher to whom I came just now with a heart full of admiration for her kind heart and stout arm. Mabel, look up! You've been crying!"

"No. It was the smoke from the fire," she said confusedly; "and my hands—see!"

She held out for his inspection two reddened palms.

He seized them and pressed them to his lips and then—well, then, Johnny came running in.

"Oh, g'wan," he said to Thornton. "You know'd her all the time and pretended you jest guessed at her havin' red hair and specs."

Thornton laughed happily as he looked at the soft, squirrel colored hair and the eyeglasses. "Well, I meant different red and specs, but I do know her."

"Be you her beau?"

"Yes, I am her beau, and you'll have a new teacher. Here, take this for telling me of the fire." And he gave the delighted boy a silver dollar.

On the threshold Johnny paused.

"Say, teacher, I cum to tell you that wa'n't no one to hum at the white house!"

No Chance For Him.

"Now that we are engaged," said the fair young thing, "I will tell you that I do not fear mice."

"That is nice," said the prospective groom.

"And," continued the fiancée, "I can drive nails without hitting my thumb, and I know how to use a paper cutter without ruining a book, and I can add a row of figures without making a separate sum for each consecutive figure, and I can build a fire, and I can tell when a picture is hung straight on the wall."

Here the man drew himself up with much dignity and sorrow and cried:

"Then I cannot marry you, alas!"

"Why?" gasped the girl.

"What prospect is there of my ever being able to demonstrate the superiority of man over woman if I marry a woman who possesses such traits of character as you?"

The Two Chances.

A medical man, Dr. Blunt, has a habit of saying exactly what he thinks and in a manner all his own.

"You talk too much, woman!" he once remarked to the wife of a patient. "Give the man a chance!"

"What! Me talk?" shrieked the lady. "Why, I'm as quiet as a mouse all the day long. You can ask any of the neighbors, an' they'll every one tell you what a"—

"Matters have reached this point, madam," interrupted the doctor; "your husband has two chances!"

"Two chances, you say, an'"—

"He may die"—

"Of course he may die, as I was sayin' to Mrs."—

"And you may, madam—that's his real chance!" blurted the doctor as he passed out and banged the door after him.—London Mail.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

GEOGRAPHIES OF OLD

SURPRISING BITS OF INFORMATION THEY IMPARTED.

Some of the Questions and Answers Contained in an Eighteenth Century Publication—Two Curiosities That Were Located in France.

For a score of years after geographies began to be introduced into the schools of America they depended largely on the use of a globe to make clear the divisions of the earth. It was not long, however, before nearly every book was accompanied by an atlas, and this continued customary to about 1850.

Jedidiah Morse was a pioneer among American authors of school geographies. The earliest rival to contest the field with Morse's books was a small volume of questions and answers compiled by Nathaniel Dwight and published at Hartford in 1795. Below are some of the curious bits of information the volume imparts:

Q. What are the Russian funeral ceremonies? A. They are singular. The priest prays and sprinkles the corpse for eight or ten days. It is then buried with a passport to heaven signed by the bishop and another clergyman, which is put between the fingers of the deceased, and then the people return to the house whence they went and drown their sorrow in intoxication. This they commonly do for about forty days, during which time the priest says prayers over the grave.

Q. Are there any lakes in Scotland? A. There are many, but two are very remarkable. One near Lochness is on the top of a hill almost two miles high. This lake is small, but it has never been sounded, nor does it ever freeze. About seventeen miles distant is another lake which is frozen all the year.

Q. What are the persons and characters of the Scots? A. They are generally lean, rawboned and have high cheekbones, which is a characteristical feature.

Q. What are the diversions of the Scots? A. They are all of the vigorous, athletic kind—such as dancing, golf and curling. The golf is a species of ball playing performed with a bat and a ball, the extremity of the bat being loaded with lead, and the party which strikes the ball with fewest strokes into a hole prepared for the purpose wins the game.

Q. What are the customs and diversions of the Irish? A. There are a few customs existing in Ireland peculiar to this country. These are their funeral howling and presenting their corpses in the streets to excite the charity of strangers; their convivial meetings on Sunday and dancing to bagpipes, which are usually attended with quarreling.

Q. What curiosities are there in France? A. A fountain near Grenoble emits a flame which will burn paper, straw, etc., but will not burn gunpowder. Within about eight leagues of the same place is an inaccessible mountain in the form of a pyramid reversed.

Q. What do you observe of the inhabitants of Guinea? A. They are chiefly pagans and idolaters. In Eyo, where the people are governed by a king who is not absolute, when they are tired of him a deputation waits on him and informs him that it is fatiguing for him to bear the burden of government any longer, advising him to take a rest. He thanks them and retires to his apartment as if to sleep and directs his women to strangle him, and after he expires they destroy all things which belonged to him or to themselves and then kill one another. His son succeeds to the government and on the same terms.

Q. Give a concise description of the Giages and Anthans? A. The first inhabit a part of the Kongo coast; the latter live in the Macaco. The people are cannibals. They kill and eat their firstborn children, and their friends who die are eaten by their relations. The king of Macaco resides in Monsol, where there is a market in which human flesh is sold, although other meat exists in plenty. They esteem it a luxury, and it is said 100 prisoners or slaves are daily killed for the king's table.

One geography that had a marked individuality of its own was a thick little volume, mostly in verse, entitled "The Monitor's Instructor," published at Wilmington in 1794. In the prose portion of the book are several curious paradoxes.

Here is one of them:

Three men went on a journey in which, though their heads traveled twelve yards farther than their feet, all returned alive, with their heads on.

The solution explains that "if any person should travel round the globe the space traveled by his head will exceed that his feet traveled" by about the number of yards mentioned.

Cummings' Geography, 1814, apologizes in its preface for adding another "to the number of geographies, already so great as to obstruct rather than promote improvement." During the previous decade Lewis and Clark had made their journey across the continent, and we now find mention of the "Stony mountains." It was a number of years before the name Rocky was substituted for Stony. Concerning the Andes, in South America, we are told, "These amazing mountains, in comparison with which the Alps are but little hills, have fissures in some places a mile wide and deep in proportion, and there are others that run underground and resemble in extent a province."

Adam's Geography, 1813, is divided into three parts. The following is from part 2:

"A mountain is a vast protuberance of the earth.

"The White mountains are the highest not only in New Hampshire, but in the United States."—New England Magazine.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

CHRISTMAS CHILDREN.

Some Famous Men Who Were Born on Christ's Birthday.

Even were it not for its celebration as the birthday of the Saviour, Dec. 25 would rank as quite a notable date in the year for the number of eminent persons whose natal day it is. Curiously enough, however, we seldom think of the day as the beginning of the career of any one on earth other than He to whom custom has assigned it.

We know that historical events of all sorts—battles, sieges, and so forth—have occurred on Christmas, for articles almost without end dealing with this interesting side of the history of the day have been written, but of its biographical side little has been said, the more odd this because the fact that many notables have been born on the day cannot fail to prove of interest.

The biographical index of Christmas is comparatively long and includes such names as Sir Isaac Newton, William Collins, the lyric poet; P. S. Gilmore, the musician and bandmaster; Richard Porson, the greatest classical scholar England ever produced; Johann Jacob Reiske, the celebrated German orientalist; Clara Barton, Admiral S. C. Rowlin and a number of others. Unhappy little shavers they must have been in their childhood with their birthday and their Christmas rejoicings all merged in one.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CHRISTMAS IN WEST INDIES

How the Darkies of the Antilles Celebrate the Holiday.

Christmas in the West Indies is a very jovial, rollicking affair—at least in the estimation of the darkies. The great feature of the season is the series of masquerades or mystery plays enacted by strolling negro performers.

These are of two sorts. Representations of such Biblical stories as that of David and Goliath—when you may see the dramatis personæ clad in such historically accurate garments as "bedticks" trousers and cretonne coats of flaming pattern—and those of a purely local character. Of these last is the mongoose play, which is peculiar to St. Kitts, and the object of which is to wage minute war against the destructive pest which is the curse of the island. These strolling players are the chief feature of Christmas celebrations.

They are quite an imposing lot of men, with a good ear for music, and as you watch their antics you might easily imagine that, instead of being in a civilized British colony, you were back in the heart of Africa, assisting at some savage death dance or other heathen rite.

Christmas in Tibet.

Tibet, the home of the strangest and least known people on the face of the earth, is also the home of the strangest of Christmas customs. The feast of Queen Winter in Tibet corresponds with our own Christmas festival. The figure of this queen, or goddess, is painted blue and mounted on a camel, surrounded by a string of human skulls. The dance celebrated at this feast is called tsam, and the masked figures which take part in it would be comic if they were not so horrible. One represents a horned bull, another a deer, but this deer, peculiarly enough, has a horse's head, an ancient symbol among the Tibetans of the messenger of death. There are evil spirits in hordes, demons and other bad spirits to shock the ignorant people into blind obedience to the lamas. One god curses another, and every town has its local protecting divinity. There are serpent gods representing the spirit of evil, but they are fought by such protecting divinities as Garuda, who is always represented in lamaism with a stout body, human arms, wings and the head of a bird.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Christmas Cards.

The Christmas card as we know it has an origin easily traceable, and it is doubtless at least sixty years since the first was designed. The artist who claimed to be its originator and who was, at any rate, the first to see its possibilities was W. C. T. Dobson, R. A., who, when quite a young man, in 1844, was prompted at Christmas to make a little sketch symbolic of the season's joys and festivities and to send it to a friend. It seemed to give great pleasure, and the next year Mr. Dobson determined to follow up the idea on a larger scale, and by having his card photographed was enabled to send copies to twenty-five or thirty friends. The delight with which they were received was so great that Mr. Dobson was quick to perceive that he had found out a new pleasure for Christmas.—New York Mail and Express.

"Man Wants but Little"—

"Made known your wants for Christmas yet?"

"Sure. Asked the forty-seven friends who sent me suspenders last year to send trousers to match them this."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Dawn of Christmas.

Christmas day begins in the middle of the Pacific ocean, and there is where Santa Claus starts and ends his great and only journey of the year.

A Prayer For the Poor.

Col' win' a-tryin'
Ter break down de do'—
Lawd sen' de Chris'mus
Of peace 'ter de po'!

Lean wolf a-howlin'
Out dar in de snow—
Lawd sen' de Chris'mus
Of peace 'ter de po'!

Sweet li'l chillun
Wid howlin' 'ter go—
Lawd sen' de Chris'mus
Of love 'ter de po'!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chogie, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Councils—Alfred Hamberg, president; Miss Tena Raymer, secretary; G. R. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Reuffield, J. H. Rainey, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramor
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; P. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. B. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Dyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. ANDERSON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third; and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL CRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. B. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FOLLETTE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phœnix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord S. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport.—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor.—Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

THE ERIE LACKAWANNA ROUTE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:16 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:15 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:25 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:35 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations. Arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:35 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:2 a. m.; Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

8:15 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

5:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
2:20	Ridgway	11:00
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:45
3:07	Straight	11:56
3:12	Instanter	12:04
3:20	Smith's Run	10:59
3:39	Weedville	10:52
3:55	Clermont	10:46
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:30 p. m. Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 5:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time tables in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Ranson, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 6:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:50 p. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address D. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt Buffalo, N. Y. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 20, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:45 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.), connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.); St. Marys (arr. 1:35 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:57 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:33 p. m.); Limestone (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Bonaparte (arr. 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:23 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr. 8:05 p. m.).

Trains arrive 9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:46 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. C. J. HENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 28, 1904.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	3.10	Ulysses	7.20	1.25	9.00
7.80	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.37	2.39	9.20
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.54	9.-
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.52	2.57	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June	7.57	3.42	9.32
.-	0	1.43	Newfield	7.41	2.46	.-
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.-
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.43	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Franks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudsp't	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.36	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.35	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.25	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks.	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

c—Trains, do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

R. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Spring's Fairy Wand

By KEITH GORDON

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It was the English sparrows that put it into Mowbray's head, though perhaps the rhythmic beating of carpets and the sight of winter garments out for their last airing in the sunlight may have prepared his mind for the idea.

The world, so far as he could see it from the windows of his back room, had grown suddenly domestic. Every time he approached the window some new sign of household upheaval greeted him. Every one seemed distractingly busy putting his house in order, and, without realizing precisely what was the matter, Mowbray had a vague, inured sense of being out of it.

Then one morning there was a deafening clatter outside the window where on an adjacent wall the ivy leaves were already changing from russet to rich green and the plumes of the wisteria vine waved with languid elegance in the spring breeze. True to their nature, the sparrows were wrangling fiercely.

"Evidently fighting for the hand of the same lady or disagreeing about the advantages of a building site!" chuckled Mowbray as he eyed the reflection of his lathered face in the mirror and puckering his mouth to the left, drew the razor skillfully across his right cheek and viewed the result with critical attention.

It was a homely moment for self revelation, but so it happened, and so it must be set down. An instant later he was thinking that it wouldn't be half bad to be one of those married fellows who at this season were receiving such injunctions as, "Now, John, don't forget to telephone the paper hanger," or "Just stop at the carpet cleaner's on your way to the station and hurry him up."

During the rest of his toilet Mowbray grinned at himself in the glass, more or less humorously. Up to the present moment the serious game of money making, with occasional gay hours, had seemed to him as satisfying an occupation as any man could desire. Now it had ceased to be all absorbing. He wanted to be consulted about the color of wall papers, the designs of rugs and the style of furniture. He wanted to hear some soft, feminine voice saying, "But do you think we can afford it this spring, dear?" and to answer grandly: "Certainly, madam. Do you suppose your husband is such a duffer that he can't pay for a few luxuries now and then?"

IN A MOMENT HE WAS BY HER SIDE.

Queerly enough, the eyes that looked into his as in fancy he made this speech were of a clear, lucid gray, with long, dark lashes and beautifully pencilled brows. To be candid, they were the eyes of Elinor Grant, one of the few girls of his acquaintance whose society he had ever found as entertaining as business. It seemed a sort of miracle that they should appear at the particular juncture. Decidedly fate was giving him a tip.

When he called that afternoon Miss Grant was out, and he had a childish feeling that the bottom had dropped out of things. A dark suspicion that other men besides himself might have received tips from fate also haunted him, and the thought made him a trifle uneasy.

He wandered back downtown, feeling rather glum. There were other girls, of course, always, but he wanted to see her and no one else. Some way of all the girls he knew she was the only one he could think of in connection with the household details that had suddenly appealed to him with their homely charm. In imagination he could see her bustling about her little domain, one of those narrow brownstone houses huddled timidly between more pretentious ones on some side street, directing her maids and taking a lively interest in the affairs of her little household.

The fancy pleased him immensely, and he was going on to elaborate it when the gay colors of a display of wall paper in a window he was passing caught his eye. He slackened his pace, and then and not until then did he observe the figure of a trim young woman standing before it, absorbed in contemplation. In a moment he was by her side.

"One would think you had an establishment of your own and were getting ideas for having it done over," was his laughing salutation as he looked down at her with a pleased warmth in his eyes and enjoyed the startled glance she turned upon him.

It seemed the sweetest thing that he should have come upon her like this—as if some subtle influence had turned her thoughts into the same channel with his own. Decidedly, things were coming his way. He felt exhilarated, triumphant, boyish. Miss Grant laughed rather foolishly as she greeted him.

"I was playing a game that has been a favorite of mine since I was a small girl," she explained as they turned away from the window together, "a game of 'make believe,' in which I arrange everything in life to suit myself. Nettie and I—Nettie was my best friend, you know—used to spend hours describing our husbands, houses and children to each other. It was great fun, I can tell you, and we entered into details until it actually seemed real."

She paused and glanced up at him to see if he understood and then continued: "When you came up I was just furnishing a love of a house in thought, selecting the color scheme for my walls, you know."

Mowbray listened, almost too rapt to speak. There was something thrilling in the knowledge that her thoughts had been the very complement of his. A strange, strong happiness and certainty possessed him.

"Would you mind telling me whether the husband that you planned bore any resemblance to me?" he questioned daringly.

She regarded him critically, then shook her head. "Don't think me rude," she murmured; "but, to tell you the truth, he was always six feet tall and blond. Once I remember when we had reached the end of a game—that is, seen our daughters grow up and marry—we began all over again, and for a change I chose a dark, cold man who filled me with a delicious fear. But I was always forgetting and harking back to my favorite type, so at last I gave up."

"Too bad, too bad!" murmured her companion, but his tone implied that his pity was for her disappointment rather than his own. They walked along in silence for awhile, absorbed in their thoughts and the lively scene about them, yet strangely conscious of each other. At last Mowbray spoke.

"I don't see how the thing is coming out," he began, with feigned bewilderment, "for when the sights and sounds of early spring suddenly made me homesick for the thing I've never had—a home"—

His voice grew low, and he paused a second, as if the thought were too sacred to be mentioned lightly. Elinor's heart went out to him, though she stubbornly kept her glance fixed indifferently on the crowd about them.

"It was your face that rose before me instantly; your eyes that looked into mine; your dear presence that I felt in the house that I planned, like a benediction, a caress. You were the spirit of the place, its queen, the gracious woman to whom I fancied myself coming home each night, with a deeper, fuller love."

A heedless pedestrian jostled them, all unconscious of the fact that in doing so he had rudely brushed against the sweetest thing in the world—a love story. They continued their way almost in silence until the bewildering greenery of the park turned by spring magic into fairyland confronted them.

In a dash Elinor seemed to see her life stretching away into the future, transformed into a beauty as matchless as that before her, by love.

She laid her hand upon Mowbray's arm and gazed at him for a moment with her soul in her eyes.

"After all," she said very softly, "I believe that you dreamed true!"

Look For the Woman.

Where a community is blessed with good churches, look for the woman.

Where the public schools have teachers of worth and the schools are of recognized standard, look for the woman.

Where good music is brought to a town or city through private enterprise, look for the woman.

Where there is a prevalence of good literature in a small town, look for the woman.

When a boy grows into an honest, upright, forcible man, look for the woman.

Where you find clean street cars and clean streets, look for the woman.

Where you find lectures brought to an eager public by private enterprise, look for the woman.

Where you find healthful, cheerful charities supported and encouraged, look for the woman.

It is woman who stands behind most of these blessings of the world. It is woman and woman's clubs that are to be credited with many of these good influences.

It is woman and her home missionary society, woman and her church fair, woman and her eagerness to help, that make possible many of these dearly bought luxuries.—Chicago News.

How Moles Work.

Moles are usually actively at work in the early morning or late in the afternoon. It is not difficult to kill them with a pitchfork when they are working, the animals being located by observing the movement of the ground above them. If water is allowed to run into the burrow and fill it the animal when present can be forced to come to the surface to avoid drowning and may be easily killed. The best remedy for the damage done to lawns and grass plots by moles is prompt rolling with a heavy roller. By continued repetition of this the moles will be driven away at least temporarily.

Moles have few natural enemies. Their food consists chiefly of worms and insects that live in the ground, and their presence in large numbers at any place is an evidence of the abundance of their food. There is no doubt that they do much good by destroying many noxious insects. If it were not for the injury done to lawns by their throwing up ridges of earth along which the grass dies, or to gardens by their loosening the roots of young plants, moles would be more beneficial than harmful.—New England Homestead.

TOM SHERIDAN.

The Handsome, Witty and Spoiled Son of Richard Brinsley.

At the east corner of Bolton street (now St. Piccadilly) there flourished when the nineteenth century was still young a club devoted to dandyism, dinners de luxe and high play, or, to speak cynically, the ruin of mind, body and estate. It was called Watier's. Its presiding genius, or "perpetual president," was Beau Brummel, famous for his cravats, his quarrel with the prince regent and his phenomenal good luck at the then fashionable game of macao. One evening he found the gaming table so full that there was no room for him, but seated there was a friend of his whom he knew to be too poor to play for the extravagant stakes affected by the habitues and who probably would not have been there at all but for the rosy influence of a good dinner with plenty of wine. After a word or two the friends changed places, and before long Brummel rose the richer by £1,500. This sum he faithfully shared with his friend, saying, "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper and play no more." The action was kindly and the advice good, and, though the words lacked somewhat respect, the pill was well gilded. Tom was the handsome, witty, spoiled son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Of Tom it has been said that he was endowed with all the wit of his father, all the charm of his mother and the good looks of both. Few men seem to have been more universally liked, and when George Colman wrote, "I love and esteem Tom Sheridan heartily and wish success to any scheme in which he is interested," he only expressed a general sentiment.

A few specimens of Tom's wit have been preserved. None is better than a reply to his foolishly indulgent father when remonstrating with him for some imprudence. The father ended by saying, "Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing," whereupon Tom replied in a tone of assumed indignation, "Sir, would you dream of comparing your father to mine?"—Longman's Magazine.

THE LAND OF NICOTINE.

Smoking Seems to Be an Essential Part of Japanese Life.

I think every man, woman and child in Japan smokes. This may be an exaggeration, especially as regards the children, but it is no exaggeration to say that smoking is as much a part of the everyday life of the people as is eating or drinking, and it is indulged in by women with the same innocent, nonchalant enjoyment as is exhibited by the men. It was a bit of a shock to me when I first came to Japan to come face to face with this fact before I had an opportunity to form any sort of impressions of the little women in whom I was prepared to be so interested. I landed at Nagasaki and almost immediately took a train for Moji, whence I was to go for a trip through the interior. It was early morning, and being in the midst of the rainy season, everything was soggy damp.

The first class carriage into which I was shown was anything but first class; it was unclean and badly ventilated, and its only other occupants were two Japanese ladies and a man. The women had evidently just finished breakfasting in the car and were now sitting on their feet upon the seat absolutely enwrapped in clouds of the most evil smelling smoke, which they puffed from long cigarettes. They were beautifully dressed in silk kimonos and were undoubtedly gentlewomen. I knew that even then, when I had seen so few, and I must confess I was rather annoyed, because their daintiness seemed to be entirely destroyed. But after a residence of months I think I would rather see them smoke than not. They do it so daintily, so innocently, with such frank enjoyment, and so constantly, that it seems a very part of their quaint happiness.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

A Widow's Charm.

There is nothing that need to perplex one in the secret of a widow's charm. She is simply saturated with wisdom of the particular kind needed in dealing with men. She has lived with one of the number, wintered and summered him and learned when to hold her tongue and when to be loquacious. She may be past mistress in the art of keeping out of the way until her society is very much wanted, and that is the acme of wisdom. There are times when every human being needs to be alone, to fight out the little ill tempers, shed the necessary tears or make repairs in one's personal appearance.—Detroit News.

The Remedy.

"I have a premonition!" hoarsely whispered she, pulling out her first gray hair.

"Premonition of what?" growled her husband.

"A premonition that I shall dye tonight."—Houston Post.

His Hope.

Elder—So you're to be married, eh? I hope you fully realize that it's a serious step. Younger—Well, if I never realize that it was a serious misstep I'll be satisfied.—Philadelphia Press.

Two Different Things.

Nell—So she's fallen in love with young Roxley. Belle—You don't say? Nell—Why, surely you heard about it? Belle—No. I merely heard she was going to marry him.—Exchange.

That is the tragedy of every woman's life. She is pretty for a few years and old for a great many.—Mrs. Craigie.

His Negotiable Aunt

By Otho B. Senga

Copyright, 1904, by Otho B. Senga

Alec Bruce turned around slowly on the piano stool and faced the five girls.

"Probably you girls are not aware of it, but our friend Jack has been adopted"—

Jack Hawarden's honest face clouded.

"Don't, Alec!" he protested.

"Jack," said Alec solemnly, "we are bidden not to hide our light under a bushel. You're trying to hide yours in a pill box, and I shall tell the girls the whole story."

"I came to see Mrs. Gray," said Jack, rising. "I will find her upstairs, I think."

As he passed Bruce he whispered fiercely, "For heaven's sake, Alec, keep that thing to yourself!"

Alec smiled and nodded, but as soon as Jack had disappeared he continued seriously. "It's a thing you ought to know, girls, and I'm determined you shall. Jack is too modest—an unusual trait in an Englishman," he added thoughtfully.

"Forget that you're Scotch and let's have the story!" cried the girl who wrote stories.

"Sure. I'll begin right in the middle so as to reach the denouement sooner. Our Jack is in love"—

Laughing exclamations of incredulity from the listening girls.

"He is—honest. His soul is tuned to sweet accord with peerless strains of"—

"Never mind his soul," interrupted Kathleen again. "Tell us the story."

"This isn't a wild Irish story, Miss Clyde," he returned, with an air of impatience. "This is the story of a slow moving and a particularly slow speaking Englishman. He hasn't told his love, because the young lady is earning a fine salary and is seemingly happy in her work, and his position was far from satisfactory. But the first of the year he was promoted, with a generous increase. He was screwing up his courage"—here Alec paused and made a strenuous imitation of a person using a screwdriver—"when he received a message from the immigration authorities that changed all his plans."

The wily story teller stopped as if the narration were complete.

"Do go on!" cried some one impatiently. "That surely isn't the end?"

"What could the immigration authorities want of Mr. Hawarden?" exclaimed another.

After much urging Alec continued: "When Jack went to the immigration office he found a clean, decent looking old Englishwoman, who fell upon his neck and called him her dear nephew and announced to the officers that he was the living image of her dear dead brother Jock. Now, Jack hasn't a living relative and never had an aunt, and he tried to explain this to the old lady and to the officers. But she would have none of it, and the officers told him very gruffly that if he didn't intend to support his aunt to say so at once, for in that case the woman would have to be deported. She broke down at this and cried in the most pitiful way, and—well, it ended in Jack's taking her away with him. He has a room for her in the house where he's boarding and is doing his best to make her comfortable. He spends most of his evenings with her, and the old creature is as happy as can be."

"Jack's a brick!" exclaimed Kathleen excitedly.

"It is certainly very noble of him," said the editor warmly.

"Can't he find the real nephew?" asked the artist.

"No. He has visited every Hawarden in the city, and none has any knowledge of the old lady. He has found the record of the death of a John Hawarden who came from England twenty years ago and who died shortly after his arrival."

"That was undoubtedly the real nephew," said the girl with the violin. "An old person does not realize the change there would be in a young man. She would expect her nephew to look as he did when he left England, and almost any big blond young Englishman would correspond to the picture she has carried in her memory all these years."

"What does Jack intend to do?" asked Miss Fairlie.

"Take care of her as long as she lives. It can't be so very long, poor soul, and she hasn't a cent. Jack says Providence has sent him an aunt and he shall do his duty by her. She admitted a day or two ago that perhaps she might not be his real aunt, but she was his negotiable h'aunt. Of course the poor old lady hasn't the slightest idea of the meaning of 'negotiable,' but under the circumstances—the way she has transferred herself to Jack—you'll admit it's funny. He's upstairs now asking Mrs. Gray to go to see the old lady."

He turned abruptly to the music teacher, who had remained silent. "What do you think of Jack's quixotism, Miss Stuart?"

"I—I think Mr. Hawarden is doing right," she said softly, "only he ought"— She stopped, with flushed cheek and shining eyes, for Jack Hawarden stood in the doorway.

"Alec," he cried reproachfully, turning to his friend, "you've told!"

"Jack," returned Bruce, spreading out his hands tragically, "I have—all except about the pill box—and that I'm going to tell now."

"Alec," protested Jack desperately, "you're really going too far—you've no right"—

"That's where your ideas of right differ from mine," said Alec coolly. "I have my instructions from the 'negotiable h'aunt' herself, and I intend to carry them out. You see," he continued, turning to the interested little group, "I've called frequently on the old lady, and she has taken a great fancy to me as the friend of her dear Jack. Last night she gave me this little box and asked me to give it to the young lady of Jack's choice, with the request that she make use of it in furnishing a home."

He took from his vest pocket a tiny flat box of tin, hardly more than an inch square, and held it out on the palm of his hand. It was sealed by having a thin strip of paper pasted over the joining of the box and its cover.

"I suppose it never occurred to the old lady that a great, big, hulking leather head," lingering lovingly over the words, "like Jack had not dared to tell the young lady"—

No one spoke. Hawarden sat in horrified silence. Finally Kathleen Clyde broke out earnestly, "It's a will, of course, leaving Mr. Hawarden a fine estate in England, and"—

Hawarden pulled himself together and came to Bruce's side, trying to smile.

"There's no one to leave me an estate, Miss Clyde. I really haven't a relative in the world, and my parents were poor people. I think the old lady is not in her right mind. I fancy that what Alec calls a box is really a sort of tin locket and probably contains a portrait of her lost nephew."

He paused as if to gather courage to go on, and his face paled.

"I'm sorry, you know," he said slowly, "that Alec has told the story, but there is only one truthful way for me to finish it."

He took the box from Bruce's hand and passed it to Miss Stuart, saying only, "Will you open the box?"

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and, with trembling hands, she tried to break the seal. Peace Gray handed her a palette knife, and as the cover flew off they all crowded around.

"It's nothing but a postage stamp!" cried Kathleen indignantly. "The horrid, old woman! I'd like to throw it into the fire!"

Miss Stuart dropped the box and ran from the room, and if any one noticed that Hawarden followed her no one was silly enough to speak of it.

"Give me that stamp, Kathleen, quick!" commanded Miss Fairlie. "The old lady's mind is all right," she added after a careful examination, "and so is her gift. This is a four cent blue Mauritius of the issue of 1847 and is worth at least $7,000. The negotiable aunt has made Jack an easily negotiated gift."

Hawarden heard the joyous exclamations that followed Miss Fairlie's announcement and came in, holding Miss Stuart, blushing and embarrassed, by the hand.

"Are you sure, Miss Fairlie?" he asked anxiously.

"Perfectly sure," she answered, with the confidence born of knowledge. "One was sold a few weeks ago in London for $7,250."

"Er—I thought"—he stammered. "It is only right that our friends here should be the first to know that Edith and I are engaged."

"Two souls with but a single stamp," quoth Alec, with mock solemnity, but the unfeeling remark was lost in a shower of good wishes and congratulations.

Wilkie's Starting Point.

A story which shows the great effect which an apparently trifling thing will sometimes have upon a person's after life is told in connection with Wilkie, the painter.

One day, when Sir John Sinclair was dining in company with Mr. Wilkie, the artist was asked if any particular circumstances had led him to adopt his profession.

"Had your father, mother or any of your relations a turn for painting?" inquired Sir John. "What led you to follow that art?"

"The truth is, Sir John," replied Mr. Wilkie, "you made me a painter."

"I!" exclaimed the baronet. "Why, I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"No," responded the painter, with a smile, "but when you were drawing up the statistical account of Scotland my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had a good deal of correspondence with you concerning his parish, and in the course of it you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible regiment.

"I was so delighted with this picture that I was constantly drawing and trying to color copies of it, and it was in this way, to the best of my belief, that my transformation into a painter was gradually effected."

No Sale Recorded.

The sad faced young man knocked timidly at the door of the suburban house, and presently it was opened by a woman with a stony eye.

"I—I beg your pardon," said the sad faced young man in confusion. "I see I have made a slight mistake. As a matter of fact, I have here a most remarkable work on 'How to Become Beautiful and Remain So.' Its price is 50 cents, and—but I can see, madam, that such a work would be useless to you; you have the secret already. Perhaps, however, there may be another of your sex in this house to whom the priceless book would be of value?"

"Yes," said she of the stony eye, "there is." And she disappeared. In a few moments she returned, and with her came a fifty pound bulldog.

The sad eyed young man slid down those steps like a thunderbolt in strict training, and as he flew he heard the voice of the stony faced woman: "This is the only one in this house your book's any good to. Next time you come talk to her, and don't try any of your flattery on me."

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

The Story of the Origin of This Famous Old Song.

The song "My Old Kentucky Home" was written by Stephen Collins Foster, a resident of Pennsylvania, while he and his sister were on a visit to Judge John Rowan, a short distance east of Bardstown, Ky. One beautiful morning while the slaves were at work in the corn field and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass, first giving it the color of a light red, then changing it to a golden hue, there were seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan homestead two young people, a brother and a sister. High up in the tree was a mocking bird warbling its sweet notes. Over in the hidden recess of a small brush the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small negro children were playing not far away. When Foster had finished the first verse of the song his sister took it from his hand and sang in a sweet, mellow voice:

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's rise, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

"The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By 'n' by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night."

On her finishing the first verse the mocking bird descended to a lower branch. The feathery songster drew his head to one side and appeared to be completely enraptured at the wonderful voice of the young singer. When the last sweet note died away upon the air her fond brother sang in a deep bass voice:

"Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more today;
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

"A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night."

The negroes had laid down their hoes and rakes, the little tots had placed themselves behind the large sheltering trees, while the old black women were peeping around the corner of the house. The faithful old house dog never took his eyes off the young singers. Everything was still; not even the stirring of the leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence. Again the brother and sister took hold of the remaining notes and sung in sweet accents:

"They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.
The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days and trouble all will end
In the fields where the sugar cane grow."

As the song was finished tears flowed down the old people's cheeks, the children crept from their hiding place behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles; the mocking bird and the thrush sought their homes in the thicket, while the old dog still lay basking in the sun.—Bardstown (Ky.) Record.

He Learned to Sing.

A professor at the head of the department of music in one of our colleges asked a young man not long ago at a rehearsal in which the whole college took part why he did not join in the singing.

"I cannot sing," the young man answered. "I have no voice."

"Shout, then," replied the professor. "Make a noise with the others, for we need it."

"I was studying once in Berlin," he continued to the students, "and we were drilled in some of the great oratorio choruses every noon by Herr H., one of the finest directors in the world. I had never sung a note in my life and refrained from taking part because I was afraid of putting the others out of pitch.

"After three rehearsals he came to me, saying, 'Young man, why do you not sing?'

"'Oh,' I replied, 'I cannot sing a note, and would only put the others out.'

"'Bah!' returned the great man. 'In the chorus your voice will be grand. I have missed it already and shall look for you at the next rehearsal.'

"So, you see," he said, "that when we work together every one counts, and the man who does not take part is either overmodest or lazy, both very bad faults."—Success Magazine.

Odd Southern Remedies.

What is one man's food is another man's poison, but it is vouched for by an old southerner that the following remedies will benefit seven out of ten persons:

For alcholism try buttermilk. It will kill desire for whisky.

Whey will greatly relieve dropsy.

Calomel applied to cuts or sores relieves pain and heals wounds. Not too much and don't get wet.

Kerosene will cure sore throat. Consumptives should try it. Take a tablespoonful at a time. Hold nose.

Bathing head in cold water every morning will prevent one from taking colds easily. Better commence in the summer time.

Ice applied between shoulders and back of head will stop bleeding at the nose.

Balsam apple applied to dog bite will carry relief.

Keep cut onions in all sickrooms. Onions will turn black where contagious diseases exist and disinfect the room.

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WIVES ON CHRISTMAS TREES

Strange Christmas Customs That Prevail In Pagis of Russia.

Of all Christmas tree customs, one of the strangest prevails in parts of Russia. A gift tree is set up in the village, on the branches of which roost young unmarried women, cloaked and hooded and veiled so that their identity is concealed. The swains are admitted one by one, just as they are in our familiar American game of "spat in, spat out." Each as he enters lifts a veil—of course at random—and the face thus disclosed belongs to his future wife. The act of lifting the veil betroths the couple, the penalty for breaking the engagement being a heavy fine to be paid into the village treasury.

Another Russian custom is a procession of children dressed in fantastic animal costumes. One boy holds aloft

A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS TREE.

a star shaped paper lantern to represent the "star of the east;" another carries on his back a miniature theater, on the stage of which puppet performances like "Punch and Judy" shows are given at every farmhouse where the motley pageant halts.

The modern Christmas tree comes to us from Germany, the Yule log from Scandinavia, Santa Claus from Holland and the Christmas stocking from France, but the Christmas turkey—ah, that is America's contribution to the world's stock of Christmas cheer! But there is one part of the world where the people are afraid to eat turkey. In Armenia it would be too much like treason to their cruel ruler, the Turk. If they do venture to eat the fowl they call it "Egyptian hen." Down in Egypt they name it "Indian hen." Thus both Armenians and Egyptians save themselves from Moslem vengeance.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Christmas Table Decorations.

The dinner table itself should proclaim the season by its decoration. A snowy cloth patterned with holly leaves or mistletoe, a centerpiece of glossy holly leaves and brilliant berries, silver candelabra and silver bonbon dishes are appropriate and dignified. Flat wreaths of holly tied with bows of "herry" red ribbon are very effective on the table, one in the center and one encircling each candelabrum. A silver or a cut glass bowl of holly and meteor roses or holly and mistletoe may be set in the wreath to complete the centerpiece. The outline of the Christmas star may be used instead of the wreaths. In this case the bows of ribbon are omitted. And for the guest cards either bells, stars, plum puddings, holly or ivy leaves, cut out and painted and ornamented with Christmas verse or greetings, are appropriate, and a little silk stocking of bonbons may be laid by each card as a souvenir.

Christ's Birthday.

There is something akin to sadness in the fact that in tracing the origin of many of our church festivals we find it in pagan celebrations antedating the Christian era. There is nothing certain even about the birthday of Christ. Some authorities assert that December was in the day season, when shepherds were on duty day and night. In the controversy over the date, extending from December to May, Pope Julius (687-852) had an investigation made by St. Cyril and was satisfied that the 25th of December was correct. It was so established in the Roman church, and before the end of the fourth century the dictum was universally accepted.—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Leader's Liberality.

Struggling Pastor—Nearly all the congregation has subscribed liberally for the Christmas tree fund, and I feel sure that I can also have your hearty co-operation. How much will you—

Mrs. Leader—Let me see. Oh, I am the only member who has a carriage and coachman, I think.

"Yes. The rest are poor."

"Well, I will drive around and collect the subscriptions."

Christmas Day.

Oh, blessed day which gives the eternal lie
To self and sense and all the brute within—
Oh, come to us amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel come; to all who toil
In senate, shop or study and to those
Who, sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill warned and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers and men unmanned to brutes—
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas day,
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem—
The kneeling shepherds and the Babe divine—
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas day.

—Charles Kingsley.

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain route. Standard Pullman and Tourist car service to California. For rates and full information address Jno. R. James, central passenger agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Orange Blossom Waltz
Mendelssohn's Wedding March
Shubert's Serenade and many others.

A TALE OF BONANZA DAYS.

How a Chance Remark of James Flood Ruined His Gardener.

In the old days of excitement when mining stocks were on the jump and men became millionaires over one day's dabbling an incident occurred at the country residence of James C. Flood in Menlo when a fairly well to do farmer found himself without a home in the short period of one week. The man's name was Hank, and, being a first class gardener, he readily found employment about the residence of the wealthy owners of mansions. In this way he was employed at the Flood residence. Hank was loitering about the garden one Saturday evening as the proprietor, in company with a visitor, was looking over the stock.

Mr. Flood, who had just stepped out of the hog corral, casually remarked to his friend that he would be willing to make a bet that "Con would go up to 800 before Christmas." Hank construed "Con" to mean Consolidated Virginia, and, taking the tip which he thought would make him a millionaire, he disposed of his holdings of 200 acres of fine land, his stock and, in brief, everything he had on earth except his wife and four bright little Hanks. The proceeds he invested in Consolidated Virginia stock, which was then selling at $75 a share.

Christmas came, but instead of "Con" going up to $800 it fell to $25. The man was a pauper. In lamenting his loss he incidentally mentioned to a friend of Flood how he lost his all, Flood, who was generous to a fault, sent for Hank and had him repeat his story. When he learned of his chance remark about "Con going up to 300 before Christmas" he fairly shook with laughter and explained what it meant.

It was in reference to the gift of a young sow, made a present to him by Con O'Connor, who in the fun of the thing had called the pig Con. The bet alluded to the sow's increasing in weight to 300 pounds before Christmas and not to Con Virginia.

Having enjoyed the joke and after joshing Hank, the noble hearted Flood bought back the ranch for Hank and recompensed him for all his losses. The originality of the joke and the knowledge of the penalty paid by an eavesdropper were Flood's reward.—San Francisco Call.

The Bird Sentinel.

I was interested one Sunday in watching the movements of birds. Crumbling a biscuit, I threw it out, sat down on the piazza and awaited results, writes a contributor to the Boston Record.

It was not long after the birds came and helped themselves before a cat appeared. Then a warning note was sounded by a bird, evidently on guard on the top of the piazza, where he could survey the whole scene. At his warning every bird disappeared and remained in hiding until a reassuring note was heard from the little sentry posted on the piazza roof.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Too many people have a habit of going with their bristles up.

It is seldom one hears an interesting lie, though the people surely get enough practice.

The first question asked in every home by every member of the family returning from an absence on the streets is "Where's mother?"

There are two complaints which can usually be made of every woman: She has too much patience with her sons and not enough with their father.

Talk about a man fussing about the family bills! You should hear a countrywoman who makes butter talk to her folks when they dip into her cream.

It is a good thing to keep at least one building in the course of erection in a small town. It gives the people a place to go and find fault on a Sunday, outside of the regular churchgoing.—Atchison Globe.

Silent Japanese Women.

Japan has its communities of silent female recluses. There is a convent at a place called Yunakawa, about seven miles from Kubedate. A matron of some fifty years presides, and her instructions are implicitly obeyed. The women are all young, ranging from sixteen to twenty-seven, and some of them are described as very beautiful. The building stands in a farm of some 250 acres, but the women do not engage in any agricultural work. They spend most of their time indoors, and they observe a strict rule of silence.

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